

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1849

OCTOBER 12, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

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UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.  
October, 1907.

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## DANTÉ READINGS

BY  
LUIGI RICCI

AT KING'S COLLEGE, STRAND,  
ON FRIDAYS, AT 5 P.M.,  
BEGINNING OCTOBER 11TH.

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

WE are often told—perhaps we are too often told—that we live in a practical age. It is true, possibly, though one may have doubts. For example, an American—and the Americans are universally recognised as a thoroughly practical people—has pointed out recently that Shakespeare was infinitely the most valuable commercial asset that the county of Warwick possessed in the sixteenth century. Now, if this be so, it is not quite so certain that the present age is as practical as it might be; we are devoting our energies to factories and collieries, and such matters, when we ought to be breeding Shakespeares—of course, by careful attention to our system of elementary education. Still, if we really are practical, that is all the more reason why we should cultivate our Idealists; and amongst these none is worthier of constant and solicitous care than a certain "Diocesan Chancellor," whose tender dreams have been appearing lately in the *Westminster Gazette*. They talk of Oxford as the home of lost causes! It may have been so once, but now, if one would catch the last glow of mid-Victorianism, it must be sought in the pages of Mr. Spender's journal—a far more entertaining periodical, it must be said frankly, than its weekly sister, *Tit-Bits*.

Well, the "Diocesan Chancellor"—to borrow the idiom of our lively, but unprincipled, neighbours *d'outre manche*—has been "consecrating" a column or so in the *Westminster* to the Bishop of London and that dear Deceased Wife's Sister. "Dear"—the Chancellor seems to say—"is the memory of our wedded lives, but dearer the embraces of the Sisters of our Deceased Wives." And the Bishop of London, instead of blessing these joys—almost the only pleasure, by the way, permitted to Protestant Dissenters—has, it seems, left instructions that licenses are to be refused to the interesting class of persons in question. The Bishop is a coward, too. Instead of staying in England and facing it out like a man, he is lurking in an obscure hamlet called New York, after leaving "this bomb, fitted with a time fuse, behind him." A skulker indeed! When a bishop runs away, after leaving directions that his priests are to obey the law of the Church in preference to that of the State, it is evidently time that something should be done.

And then comes the tender note of idealism to which we have alluded. The Diocesan Chancellor gathers his prophetic robes about him, and predicts that, if this sort of thing is allowed to go on—well, the "British People" won't stand it, and the Church will be Disestablished! And he more than hints that if we have Disestablishment we shall be within measurable distance of the Inquisition. At any rate, he sees clearly enough that the Whig Ideal will vanish for evermore; that the clergy will no longer be ruled by the Average Booby—be he squire or be he grocer; that they will no longer have to adjust themselves to the norm of the Blockhead and Ignoramus who has been styled "the man in the street." They will owe reverence to the Prayer-book and the Canons, not to the Press, cheap or dear. And they have, it appears, "large numbers of devoted disciples." What a hideous confession to make in modern England, in a country which prides itself on its freedom. And worse still, the clergy will be free to advocate "the practice of confession." Imagine this—they will be free to advocate a practice which is directly provided for in the Book of Common Prayer and in the Canons, a practice which has the sanction of some of the greatest names in the English Church. The prophetic Chancellor need not be quoted further; he has established his position by an irresistible *reductio ad absurdum*. Doubtless the Bishop of London will at once cancel his Instructions to Surrogates.

We willingly repeat a protest, made by Mr. Edward F. Strange in the *Morning Post*, against the injuries done by the driving of large nails into ancient pulpits, rood-screens, and bench-ends in order to support floral decorations, especially on the occasion of harvest festivals. We appeal to our readers who are incumbents of churches possessing these treasures to protect them, and to all who visit churches for pleasure to call the attention of the incumbents to these damages. They are generally caused by the ill-directed zeal of female decorators, which incumbents, who are not antiquaries or amateurs of the Arts, find difficult to restrain. We hope that if their attention is called to the damage being done, they may exert themselves to prevent it. But there is another side to the question which is much more important, because the damage done is much worse.

Not long ago the writer of this note passed for the first time one of the most beautiful village churches in England, a cruciform church, roofed entirely with old red tiles. On re-passing it a few weeks later he observed that the red tiles of the north transept had been removed and replaced by grey stone tiles. The result is, of course, a hideous patchwork. Our inquiries so far lead to the conclusion that this defacement is the mere whim of the diocesan architect, supported by a local trade interest in the sale of grey stone tiles. At any rate, the only voice raised against this act of stupid vandalism was that of a lady well known in the neighbourhood as a generous donor to the defaced church. Her spirited protests were unhappily fruitless. It will be remembered that the outcry raised by a Durham grocer alone saved the Galilee of Durham Cathedral from destruction by the Dean and Chapter, at the hands of the notorious Wyatt, whose foul outrages can be seen all over the great churches of England. It is time that attention should be called to the Wyatts of the present time, the diocesan architects. They do not, of course, form any corporate body—it would be far better if they did—and among them are some competent men; but it would not be difficult to name many dioceses in which, when inquiry is made as to who was responsible for such-and-such defacements, the answer nine times out of ten is, "The diocesan architect"—a

tasteless, ignorant blunderer, to whom we can all give a dozen different names. We shall be pleased to give publicity to our readers' protests against these "profaners of churches" individually.

For a long time the famous collection of pictures in Paris known as the Musée du Luxembourg has outgrown its quarters, and English visitors to Paris have been too often disappointed at not being able to see the works by the English Masters owing to its being the turn of the German or Italian or Spanish pictures to be shown. We now learn that the French Government have made arrangements for the whole collection to be moved to the Grand Séminaire on the Place S. Suplice at the disposal of the Government owing to the expulsion of the Sulpicians. We shall soon be able to see some of the great pictures we have lost through the folly of our own so-called experts exhibited in a gallery obtained through means we cannot but regard as pure robbery. We wonder what will be the name of the collection when it has been moved from the Orangery of the old Palais to its new home; for to most foreigners at least "Luxembourg" is almost identified with the best of modern art.

Dr. Emil Reich is a versatile man. Everyone knows that he has lectured on Plato to duchesses at Claridge's, and now he is starting a course of lectures on Hellenic Civilisation at the Polytechnic in Regent Street. At his inaugural lecture last Tuesday evening he did not get very far, though there was much promise of what his hearers would learn if they came to the complete courses he has mapped out. Dr. Reich made a certain number of interesting statements. The Greeks—and he thanked God for it—were bad, they were stupid, but they were human. The Greeks degraded their women so that, unless a woman was a member of the demi-monde, she could not go shopping in the morning or to her club in the afternoon. The Parthenon was the great glory of the Greeks; Shakespeare was the English Parthenon, and Mozart the German Parthenon; and so on.

Dr. Reich is a master of the English language in its raciest forms. He delivers his lectures in what may be called "broken slang"; with the proper construction of an English sentence he apparently has not troubled himself. But to him the Greek language is the most wonderful that there has ever been. The poor English tongue does not compare with it. No doubt he is right, but how does he know? It is impossible to take Dr. Reich seriously, though as an entertainer he has many merits. His defective English adds great piquancy to his stories about women, of which he has many, and produces the illusion that if he is nothing else he may be a master of legerdemain. On Tuesday there was no conjuring, except with language, but instead he showed his audience four magic lantern slides of modern Athens, and one of the Venus of Milo.

The Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Gore, has made a very valuable protest in his address to the Royal Society of Artists at Birmingham against the great quantity of ugly brass work with which the clergy are so fond of filling our churches. The connection of art and religion has exercised many minds; but however close it may have been in the past, there is little at the present time. Wherever one goes it is the same thing; badly restored churches and hideous glass and monuments. If the clergy could only leave their churches alone instead of running them into debt for changes that merely offend the eye and the understanding! As the late Dean Hole very wittily put it:

"Art has been called the handmaid of religion. Now art (?) is merely its charwoman who touches nothing that she does not destroy." There is not much of the ecclesiastical work of the last two centuries that we could not spare.

"The Sugar Bowl" is the title of a pretty little sentimental trifle by Mrs. Ryley, author of "Mice and Men," presented on Tuesday evening at the Queen's Theatre, the handsome new playhouse in Shaftesbury Avenue. Most of those present on the first night divided their admiration between the tasteful appointments of the theatre and the brilliant acting of Miss Ellis Jeffreys. There was not much admiration left over to spare for the play itself. And, indeed, in any less competent hands than those of Mr. Frederick Kerr and Miss Ellis Jeffreys the piece would have been quite intolerable. "The Sugar Bowl" is one of those plays in which the climax is absolutely apparent from the start. The author has exercised considerable ingenuity in inventing devices for retarding the action of the play, and keeping it alive throughout four acts. Mrs. Ryley's idea of mankind is essentially womanly. Apparently she believes that men can only be "caught" through jealousy, that they only care about women who are sought after by other men. On this crude notion she has hung her story.

Grace Pemberton (Miss Ellis Jeffreys), after nine seasons, has failed to "capture" a man to marry her. Distressed by her own failure, and egged on by a match-making mother, she determines on a bold game. She enters upon an amazing compact with Sir Basil Loring, a wealthy ex-ambassador (Mr. F. Kerr), whereby he agrees to pay court to her for a month. The result is all that her wildest dreams could have anticipated. She becomes the vogue. Men flock round her like flies. Of course, from the first everyone knows what will really happen. The masqueraders fall in love with each other in real earnest, and Fly No. 1 wishes to have a monopoly of the "sugar bowl." Unfortunately, in spite of a number of stage tricks and conventions, and the crowding together of a lot of silly subsidiary characters, Mrs. Ryley has neither sufficient grace nor the distinction of style to support her theme. Her play fails to "grip," and she would be well advised to omit altogether the quite unnecessary and indefensible fourth act. At present the play is overlaid with sickly sentiment. It is as sticky as its title. And, apropos of titles, why did not Mrs. Ryley, on the analogy of her former play call it "Women and Flies"?

A French "liberationist" called Antoine Thomas has been turning the principle of disestablishment to practical account. His mother and brother were arrested on the charge of stealing a historic cope from a church at Balzac. Whereupon M. Thomas surrendered himself to the police and confessed that he was the author of the theft, and of numerous other sacrilegious thefts, including that of the Ambazac reliquary, which is valued at £5,000. According to the account given in the *Daily Mail*, the magistrate has discovered in his house a cabinet containing an array of deadly poisons, and a blood-stained stiletto. Altogether M. Antoine Thomas seems to furnish a very bright example of the results of the anti-Christian movement carried on by the French Government. The "State," acting in obedience to "the will of the people," steals the property of the Church, and now the engaging M. Thomas steals it from the State, and we shall now witness the spectacle of a gang of thieves trying a thief for stealing a stolen object.



## THE CHILDREN

A sister and a younger brother  
Will sit and play beside their mother,  
And while she hearkens what is said,  
She plies her needle and her thread.

No word she speaks, for well she knows  
A child hath wisdom to disclose,  
Moreover, she has found it wise  
To see things through the children's eyes.

The sister reads from fairy lore  
Of one, who seeks from shore to shore  
For such fair things as life may hold  
That lie beyond the power of gold.

The search is taken far and wide,  
By distant shore and ocean tide;  
One thing they find may freedom prove  
Beyond all price, and this is love.

The book is closed, the story read.  
The brother lifts a thoughtful head,  
And, as he plays upon the ground,  
"One thing alone, you say, they found?"

Mother, if they had come to me  
I think I could have found them three."  
And then, with meditative eyes—  
"Love, a Rose, and Paradise."

PAMELA TENNANT.

## COIN PERDU

The village windows shine upon the night  
With kindly human eyes a warmth to lend,  
But on the silence no crude sounds alight  
To mar the music of the long day's end;  
Anear, the downs are dreaming golden dreams,  
Their cornfields reaped, and autumn's rest begun,  
Beneath the stars the clover perfume seems  
More generous than when it took the sun.  
The hand of Time hath here no use nor sport,  
Death brings, alone, its change to mark the years,  
Or there may flash, some day, a strange report  
Of far distress and unimagined tears—  
Ah, what content, my soul, is here! And yet—  
I would not stay life's discords to forget.

LILIAN STREET.

## LITERATURE

## GLASS

*Glass.* By EDWARD DILLON, M.A. (Methuen & Co.)

A GLANCE at a bibliography of works on glass, such as the selected list set forth by Mr. Dillon, gives a general idea of the amount of interest that the study of an art which dates from prehistoric times has excited of late years, both in England and on the Continent. In this country the intelligent handling of the subject received a great impetus by the production of the catalogue of the Slade Collection, by the late Mr. A. Nesbitt, privately printed in 1871. This sumptuous volume, though then quite up to and a little beyond the knowledge of the time, is naturally not quite so now, and Mr. Dillon's authoritative work becomes the more welcome.

During the last thirty-five years much has been discovered respecting the methods and working of glass-making in ancient times, and particularly in the Low Countries, where a mass of documentary evidences, hitherto sealed up in the national archives, has been opened, expanded, and made available for use. Thus, taking the Low Countries only, the movements of the Venetians and Altarists—"the gentlemen glass-makers"—has been accurately tracked throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of a far earlier time modern researches in Egypt have revealed infinitely more than was ever dreamt of in Napoleon's days; the explorations of Petrie have gone greatly beyond the labours of Champollion and Denon, and have added enormously to our realisation of glass-making of the earliest ages.

In Mr. Dillon's introductory chapter we find a slight but lucid sketch of glass-making in all its branches, and suggestions as to the relation and influence of the pottery, glazes, and enamels upon the paramount science, and to what extent the experience in one process may throw light upon the problems of the other.

The Greeks of the best age knew little of glass-making. Had they given to the fragile substance some of the surpassing beauty of their pottery, and crystallized the fleeting inspirations of a moment in the pellucid material, the world would indeed have been the richer. The inheritance of such a legacy from the past has not been our fortune. On the other hand, the Romans developed the capabilities of glass to a wonderful extent, and for this we may be grateful. The art was carried by them to every colony, and, thanks to the intelligent guiding of the spade in modern days, we find throughout the vast empire the same general forms surviving in the usual furniture of the tombs, the products of the small glass-furnaces, which arose wherever the conqueror set his foot. The better sorts of vessels, such as the *millefiori*, or many coloured bowls, were imported, in all probability, from furnaces in Rome itself, just as, in Merovingian times the delicate-lobed drinking vessels were exported from the small district of their manufacture to regions so far distant as Britain and Dalmatia.

That glass-making had its rise in Egypt, in remote ages, with primitive processes, is well established, but it is uncertain, and perhaps never will be known, when and where the blowing pipe was first used. Next to the discovery of fusing certain substances into glass, the idea of blowing into the viscous mass, for the production of "hollow ware," was the most important event. This transformed the art. Mr. Dillon suggests that this revelation occurred in Syria or Mesopotamia, in the third or second century before Christ, and that the art was known when "the kingdoms of the Ptolemies and of the Seleucidæ fell under the rule of the Romans."

During the long period of the Middle Ages glass-making almost fell into total abeyance, save in certain districts. Finally, in the West, came the new development of stained and painted glass, while in the East, influenced by Byzantine civilisation, the mosaics of the early Middle Ages are conspicuous. At the end of the twelfth century came a revival of "hollow ware" in the enamelled glass, culminating in the beautiful lamps of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This art being carried to Venice, became the origin of the famous industry which subsequently gave a new artistic direction to glass-making throughout Europe.

We gather from Mr. Dillon that the primitive glass of Egypt, the blown glass of the Romans, the enamelled glass of the Saracens, and the Venetian glass of the Renaissance constitute the four periods of commanding historic interest, or superlative artistic merit. He rightly allows that the German and the Netherlandish glass has importance under both heads. We are tempted to think that, considering the extraordinary mass of documentary evidence that has been preserved concerning Low Country glass, its fascinating representation in the pictures, and particularly such considerable part of it as is due to the teaching of Venetians and Altarists, and the large number of examples that have survived—this branch of a great subject might well be added as fifth in the list both from the *cultur-historisch* and the artistic point of view.

As to beads, their classification and complete illustration is very desirable, and we hope Mr. Dillon will bend himself to this difficult archaeological task. The technical knowledge that he displays in his considerations on the properties and composition of glass show how fitted he would be for such labour.

Roman glass, in its various kinds, naturally fills a large space in Mr. Dillon's work. It is true that up to three years ago the evidence of Roman glass-making in Britain was but slight. Glass furnaces of Roman times were quite small, apparently very numerous, and not likely to leave much trace. The expectations of enquirers, that the remains of Roman glass-furnaces in Britain would be retrieved from the buried life of the past, have been justified by discoveries made at Warrington by Mr. Thomas May. Of these Mr. Dillon does not seem to be aware.

The remarkable series of vessels from Anglo-Saxon graves, of which the most delicate, puzzling, and rare—the pruned vases—appear to be the earliest, and to have been imported into England in the latter half of the sixth century, are carefully considered by Mr. Dillon. Their origin is more mysterious than that of the long subsequent "Hedwig" glasses. The chapters on the third great glass period—the enamelled productions of the Saracens—are embellished, as they deserve to be, with six admirable illustrations in colours. Now follow three chapters on Venetian glass, of which it can only be said here that they are as well done as any previous essay on the delicate and captivating art.

The sea-green glasses of the Rhine have great attraction. They are redolent of the vineyard, and of the district of their origin, and the size of the *humpen* recalls the historic thirst of their users. Many of the forms have special names of ancient application—Igel, Krautstrunk, Pass Glas, Roemer—formerly "familiar in their mouths as household words." The name "Roemer" is possibly of Roman origin; the use of the glass was primarily for "Rhenish" or "High Country" wine, and it may fairly be said, without disparagement of German-made examples, that the Dutch roemer of the early part of the seventeenth century, made in any of the pale shades of green, yellow, or blue, and decorated in *grisaille*, in gold, or with the light touch of the diamond point—haply from the

accomplished hand of Anna Visscher, or her sister Maria—had then no artistic rival. Happy the connoisseur who has such a relic in his cabinet!

The crude enamelled Adlergläser, Kurfürsten *humpen*, and other such bumper cups from the forest, receive sufficient notice from Mr. Dillon. With their muddy opaque colours they are not attractive, but are redeemed to a certain extent by reminiscences of Venetian scaly and pearl ornament. We can do no more than call attention to the chapter on German cut and engraved glass, in which the art is generally better than the forms upon which it is displayed.

In the two chapters dealing with English glass a large subject is compressed into a comparatively small compass. It was, perhaps, not necessary to do more, because the matter has been treated of with great fullness by Mr. Albert Hartshorne, whose work has given rise to numerous articles in periodicals, and established a taste for old English glasses not before existing. The mediæval story for England as regards drinking vessels is soon told—there is so little to say about it. Lacking the preservation afforded by the tombs of ancient times, all later glass vessels have naturally perished. But there is ample evidence in the stained and painted windows that glass-making was continuously practised here from the end of the twelfth century. As to the extent of the manufacture, we know from documents that in the middle of the fourteenth century glass-making was carried on in no less than twenty-seven English counties.

The abounding information of the patents granted for glass-making in England, from 1567 to the middle of the eighteenth century, is not supported by the actual vessels until the end of the seventeenth century. Then the sources of information are reversed, and a whole army of glass vessels comes before us, carrying the enquiry on for a hundred years, with a multiplicity of different examples, until the cut glass arrives with its dispersive power on the light that passes through it.

The most important event in the history of English glass-making was the prohibition of wood and the adoption of coal for fuel. This change necessitated the closing of the pots between March, 1611, and February, 1614, and led to the "Proclamation of Glasses" of May, 1615. From the moment of this statesmanlike act the history of modern glass-making in England begins. With regard to the essential question, when did "glass of lead," of which flint formed no part, take the place of "flint glass," retaining the old name—we must leave Mr. Dillon's book to speak, merely suggesting that the grant of 1662 to Thomas Tilson for the sole making of "Chrystal Glasse," "his Invention," seems the most likely *point de départ*, although indeed, that document makes no direct mention of lead. It is a very puzzling matter.

Mr. Dillon's sketch of English glass of the eighteenth century includes all that is needful for a general knowledge of the extensive series of the drinking glasses. Most important are the Jacobites series, the *verres parlants* of a hopeless cause. We should like to see a complete set of the Jacobite glasses in one of the great museums. No country has such picturesque relics. And as to the glasses engraved with the rose and butterfly, the hovering bird and the grapes, the plain drawn ones for tavern and household use—their faithful reproduction would at least be an improvement on the wretched libels on them which now fill the windows of the old shops, and deceive the unwary, or the attenuated miseries that modern glass-makers now produce and the public readily buy, not, as far as we guess, because they like them, but because there is nothing better. Mr. Dillon's book should aid in the improvement of taste. His work is ably written, capitably printed, and the illustrations are beyond praise.



## MIXED THEOLOGY

*Seen and Unseen.* By E. KATHERINE BATES. (Greening and Company, 6s.)

*The Higher Agnosticism.* By FREDERIC H. BALFOUR. (Greening and Company.)

*Good without God: Is it Possible?* By JASPER B. HUNT, B.D.. (Allenson, 2s. 6d. n.p.)

MISS BATES publishes under very great advantages. Her book appears with the Permission and under the Approbation of her Superior, Mr. Stead, who has written somewhat of Julia, somewhat of other ladies; and her publishers have, very properly, printed Mr. Stead's License and *Nihil Obstat* on the wrapper of her book.

Mr. Balfour writes:—

And so it came to pass, as we all know, in the course of time, that the Church at Rome was acknowledged supreme in Christendom, and, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up the others.

Has Mr. Balfour ever heard of the Orthodox Eastern Church?

The writer of this article was once an "Argive Elder" in the *Agamemnon*. It was a tedious business; it involved much expenditure of crêpe-hair and spirit-gum; it was the dullest work that he has ever done; after a night or two the standing still and listening to Cassandra's prophecies were almost unendurable; the version was worthy of a school-master—one cannot say worse. And yet we cannot think of any quotation more apt for the first two books on this list than certain words from one of the *Agamemnon* choruses—"Alas! and yet alas again!" What has come upon this wretched, this unhappy age, that in so many cases the gifts and the ardours that should have done God service are now consecrated to the service of the Devil? Of the Devil advisedly, for, if the Eternal Wisdom, the Divine Sophia, be one of the many masks of the Eternal Goodness, what is folly but one of the many masks of the Everlasting Evil? If Miss Bates had been fortunate enough to have been born in the Middle Ages she would doubtless have been a nun, devout and pious, though somewhat credulous; still, Dame Juliana Berners would have kept these foolish characteristics in check, and "Sister Katherine" would have adorned the convent in her life and in her death.

Instead of which, she writes like this:

"I am sorry to be so stupid to-day, Miss Maynard. I cannot talk, but I can listen; or do you think possibly you could get a little writing for me? Miss Boyle told me you wrote automatically sometimes."

"I will try, certainly," was the ready response. "I never know, of course, what may come, and as this is our first meeting it may be a little more difficult, but I should like to try."

She found paper and pencil, and sat by my bedside, holding the pencil very loosely between the second and third fingers, instead of between the thumb and first two fingers in the usual way.

She continued talking to me during the whole time, and not being well versed in automatic writing then, I could not believe that any writing could really be going on in this very casual sort of way.

"Is any writing really coming?" I questioned at last.

"Oh, yes; but I can't make out the last long word," she said, turning the paper round so that she could see it for the first time. "Kindly give me that word again," she remarked casually, and continued her conversation with me.

Finally, the three or four sheets of rather large but not always very distinct caligraphy were submitted to me, and I saw that "miscellaneous" had been the long word at the beginning which Lizzie had asked to have repeated.

The whole message was intensely interesting to me, for it began, "I, who on earth was known as George Eliot."

I was longing to ask another question, but had some natural hesitation in doing so before such a young girl. Moreover, I feared the answer must almost of necessity be coloured by the traditions of the latter, and therefore would be of no great value either way. But, taking my courage "in both hands," I put the question: "Please ask George Eliot if she now thinks that she was justified in the position she took up with regard to George Lewes?"

The answer came in a flash: "CERTAINLY. We are one here, as we were on earth."

Anything less likely to emanate from the brain of an orthodox young girl can hardly be conceived!

Among other details, George Eliot said finally that she had come to know my mother in spirit life, where she was called STELLA. Now, my mother's name in earth life was Ellen, which has the same root for its origin. Of course, Miss Maynard did not then know whether my mother were alive or dead, and nothing naturally concerning her Christian name.

Nay! there is no place for argument. If Miss Bates really thinks that the spirit of Mary Ann Evans, writer of dreary books, came forth from the Everlasting to assure her and all men and women that the Seventh Commandment is all nonsense—let Miss Bates continue in that opinion. One can only wish that some ministering spirit might have attended to warn Miss Bates, from beyond the Veil, that "predicate" must not be used in the sense of "predict."

Let us learn a little more about Miss Bates. She cannot accept the Catholic faith; her correspondent in the "Spirit World" assures her that it is absurd. The same correspondent assures her that the Roman Catholic Church, "so far as it is orthodox is fossilised."

An entirely different personality, indicated by the initials "E.G.," informs her that:

Theosophy and Roman Catholicism appeal strongly to comparatively immature minds. Those who care more for form than for essence are always in the immature stage.

Ah! fossilised Cardinal Newman; immature Coventry Patmore! What are such children of the spirit to compare with Miss Katherine Bates, who has descended to the depths and ascended to the heights, and finds that George Eliot and Lewes are still quite comfortable. "O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata." O happy fate to be Positivists and adulterous throughout the ages! "Alas! and yet alas again!"

And then comes Mr. Frederic H. Balfour; who knows all about the primitive Church:

We are familiar with the church at Ephesus, the church at Antioch, the church at Jerusalem, the church at Rome, the church at Sardis, the church at Thyatira, the church at Philippi, the church at Magnesia, the church at Pergamos, and the church at Corinth. Each of those churches was subject to a resident bishop, or elder, whose authority over his flock was supreme, and each was independent and as far as possible self-supporting, owing no allegiance to any other church, or being accountable to anybody whatsoever outside its own geographical limits.

Excepting, he says, to the Apostles; and one wonders whether Mr. Balfour believes that the Apostolate had no succession. The "apostolic intervention" was confined, it seems, to "exhortations of a purely spiritual and edifying nature"—one wonders how any apostolic intervention imaginable could fail to be both spiritual and edifying. Though, by the way, one would hardly expect Mr. Balfour to accept the Ritual and Dietetic injunctions of the Apostles as either the one or the other. Here is another Balfourian gem; the author is speculating as to what would have happened if Jerusalem, instead of Rome, had possessed the *potior principatus*:

Its (the Church's) creed, or standard of orthodoxy, would be as simple and undogmatic as adherence to the recorded sayings of Christ and the teaching of the Twelve Apostles could make it. Metaphysical and scholastic subtleties and the devious immoralities of ecclesiastical casuistry would be unknown, and the standard of orthodoxy would consist rather in the enforcement of purity, veracity, unselfishness, the return of good for evil, and self-sacrifice for the sake of others—things which hitherto seem to have been totally forgotten.

Now, it would be well for Mr. Balfour if he would procure a New Testament—and read it. For it is really quite difficult to imagine that he has even glanced at a collection of writings which bristle from end to end with statements of the most profound and perplexing dogmas, with enunciations of the Faith that caused the populace and the learned alike to turn away in puzzled disgust, with metaphysical definitions in theology which have rent Christendom from the beginning, with subtleties so subtle that they were utterly unintelligible to those who heard them, with statements on morals of so

paradoxical a character that the depths and mysteries that lie behind the literal enunciation have not yet been sounded—and probably never will be. We are quite willing to believe that Mr. Balfour is an honest man; let him, then, buy that New Testament and re-write these essays of his. To take one text alone, he will not be able to call the Teaching of Christ simple and undogmatic after he has found out for himself that Christ declared the Baptism of Water and the Spirit essential to salvation. Or, again, let him read all the portions of the New Testament which refer to the Holy Eucharist; the teaching of Christ on this great mystery and the teaching of the Apostles; he will hardly continue his parrot-cry of "simple, undogmatic," which, indeed, is more foolish and less reasonable than the utterances of many a blue and red and yellow bird with a big bill.

Apparently the Christianity that Mr. Balfour wants in some sort of system in which the intellect has no place at all; he imagines a Gospel purged of all intellectual concepts, preached to a populace entirely deprived of intelligence. Oddly enough, he has strayed by some queer way of his own exactly into the position which the enemies of the Roman Church accuse her of adopting. The Roman Catholic Church, it is alleged, propounds certain matters to the faithful which have to be accepted without question; in the same way Mr. Balfour would have a Church which is to be quite devoid of all intellectual questioning. "Be pure," says Mr. Balfour's Church, and the faithful are to be pure immediately, without knowing why or asking why; they are to sacrifice themselves for one another without any reason whatever. They are (presumably) to believe in God; but they must not ask of their souls what God is; for—be it remarked—if they did, they would be plunged immediately into the deeps of metaphysics and theology. And there is no escape; the simplest moral command has all the mysteries of the universe directly behind it; and these mysteries have troubled and perplexed men outside the Church just as much as within it. One can face a mystery in various ways, wise and unwise, but there can be no question but that of all foolish positions to take up, the most foolish is to deny that there is any mystery.

Well, one might have some hopes of Mr. Balfour—given the purchase and study of that *fameux* New Testament—but on a sudden one lights upon another essay, and this time Mr. Balfour discourses, not on simple morals, but—on "Karma and Reincarnation"! Here is a pretty change. Our simple Balfour, who was unable, as he said, to find anything in the teaching of Christ and the Apostles more complicated than "God Bless our Home" and "Be Good and You will be Happy," suddenly casts his "simple" mask aside, and becomes an "Occultist" of the most pronounced description. He has said some cutting things about the Athanasian Creed, and here he is, quite cheerful, quoting from the *Pistis Sophia* and Mr. Leadbeater, and other illuminated minds, and showing that the dogma of reincarnation is taught in the New Testament. This worthy soul, who really can't bear the subtleties and mysteries of the Catholic creeds, who is so certain that the Catholic faith is a base conspiracy, founded on the worship of Ceres and the image of the incestuous Agrippina, suddenly becomes a curious Rabbinit, learned in the tale of Yehoshua ben Pandira. He thinks it likely enough that the prophet Samuel was reincarnated in the person of John Knox, St. John the Baptist was Elijah, but he had forgotten all about it. St. Paul the Apostle is no longer "simple," he is no longer a kindly gentleman who went about telling people that they must be very good-natured; he has become "the Great Initiate." Furthermore, the truth of reincarnation is proved by what happened at a Spiritualistic *séance* in France—we are far from

"simplicity" it is clear. On the whole, perhaps, Mr. Balfour had better save his money—the man who is capable at one moment of speaking of the New Testament as a collection of copybook headlines, and at another as an "occult" masterpiece, to be read in the light of Theosophy, is beyond help. He would not hear, even if one rose from the dead.

Mr. Hunt's "Good without God" is in a class apart from the works of the preposterous Miss Bates and the preposterous Mr. Balfour. His essay is an earnest and sane endeavour to show that morality depends on theology, and that if theology ceased to exist, morality would not long survive it. The book is worth reading. Especially noteworthy are the remarks on animal existence; Mr. Hunt points out very well that our pity for the incessant toil (as we conceive it) of such creatures as bees and ants is entirely misplaced. He is no doubt right in thinking that to bees and ants all life is a perpetual rapture, that the hours of "work" are in reality hours of ecstasy, and that the toil of the beehive and ant-hill is, in fact, a state of perpetual bliss. And at the same time he shows how absurd it is to quote "bee morality" as applicable, generally, to the state of men. Bees are meant to pass their lives in making honey, and in storing it in waxen cells; men are certainly not meant to live for the sake of making money and storing it in good investments. The blessing of the bee is the curse of men; the object of men was delight, as it is the object of the bee; but the delight of humanity was to be sought in a very different path, in a way quite remote from that of toil and the laborious accumulation of food and drink, or of the means by which food and drink may be purchased. Hence no doubt the way of redemption suggested in the Gospel; man, if he would realise himself and attain to his true end, must not remember, but forget, all the lessons of the bee-hive and the ant-hill. The bees must be provident, they must take thought for the morrow, they must make honey while the sun shines, they must think of the winter months in summer-time, they must kill off the useless and unfit, they must measure off their hours of labour, they must invest the produce of their labour carefully and thoughtfully. But if a man would be happy he must do the exact opposite of all these things. He must take no thought for the morrow, he must accept the day as it comes, he must not lay up treasure on earth, he must be as careless as to his material well-being as the lilies of the field, he must not get rich—in a word, he must be entirely detached from all the considerations which are (rightly) of the greatest weight in a well-regulated beehive.

Is not this the fundamental Lie of what we call Socialism—that it promises happiness, well-being, as the result and reward of universal material comfort? It was the lie of the more wicked, and far more abominable, commercial system under which we still groan, which has made whole continents of the earth far worse than Dante's Hell—far worse, indeed, than any pangs of its material torments. It is better to be plunged neck deep into boiling pitch than to dwell contented in the Inferno of our industrial system; it is much better to suffer that than this, as it is much better to have a tooth full of pain than a heart full of hate. One understands the existence of Socialism; it is the inevitable revenge, the necessary result of that lying "bee morality"; it will probably bring down that evil system to ruin and destruction. And yet its premiss is virtually the same as that of the scheme it is labouring to destroy! The commercial, or industrial, theory said that it was the end and aim of man to become rich; with this object he was to work hard himself, and to make others work harder. With this end in view, he was to stick at hardly anything; he was to defile the earth with his factories; to foul the rivers with the filthy poisons belched from his vats; he was to consider



beauty not all, nor anything that is lovely; he was to pay his slaves the smallest sum possible, he was to turn a deaf ear to all their miseries, he was to transmute the Living Soul into a factory hand. Nor was he to refrain from the oppression of the weak, or of women and of little children; nay, the children of England, of "free" England, were to slave at his furnaces, and in his pits, and over his hell-brew cauldrons; they were to work, with their men-folk, at trades which meant speedy and sometimes agonising death. Nor was honesty, nor was compassion for the consumer of these devil-made wares to move the Great Saint of Commerce. Adulteration, said John Bright, is a form of competition; let the people be given any kind of foulness for meat and drink. If they do not like Tinned Rat and Arsenic Beer, let them look to it and go somewhere else for their meat and drink, and if ordure and venom are all the provision attainable by their purses—why, so much the worse for them. And all this because it is good to be rich—that is, to live in comfort. This was the old commercial morality; such it still is, though a very few of the precepts in its Decalogue of Damnation and Death have been annulled of later years. No one can abominate and hate this system more than we; no one would rejoice with a greater joy if it could be ended for ever. But—is not Socialism, in effect, a declaration that commercial morality is right in its belief in wealth and comfort as the end of man; only, says Socialism, we must have wealth and comfort all round? And if this be the doctrine of Socialism, it is not difficult to predict that the latter state will be worse than the former. *Ex nihilo*—you cannot get Peace, Happiness, Joy, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost out of the earth, out of matter in any form or shape, because the gifts that make man's happiness are not in the earth; they are by no means to be had even for Mr. Cobden-Saunderson's £365 *per annum* for everybody; they are altogether unpurchasable, unattainable at any earthly price whatever; these things are on sale in no mundane market. If every man were a millionaire, it is probable that men would be infinitely further removed from happiness than they are at present.

Hence, one doubts Mr. Hunt's explanation of our present "Civilisation" (Degradation were the better word), as the result, as the flower, as it were, of the Mediæval System. This latter was really an attempt—a faulty attempt, doubtless—to fulfil the Law of God on earth; we still possess many of the works of this age to testify to us that our fathers of old time had penetrated deeply enough into the purposes of existence. And since the close of the Middle Ages we have declined, and again declined; at first slowly and by degrees, but now at last we rush headlong, plunging down the horrible precipice that we call Progress into a Pit whose terror and doom and utter darkness we can but guess at.

## HISTORY AND COLOUR

*Brabant and East Flanders.* Painted by AMÉDÉE FORESTIER. Text by GEORGE W. T. OMOND. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.)

THERE are a good many people, all of whom are not half-educated girls and ought to know better, who scoff at history and biography, whilst they accord their patronage to literature and art. Their only excuse, if excuse there be, is that a certain ultra-scientific school of practitioners do their best to make these departments of *belles-lettres* dull by depriving them of the elements of humanity and colour. But even in these weaker brethren the sight of a church or a picture stirs something of the historic sense. To them no doubt M. Forestier's illustrations will appeal, and may even cause them to cast a languid glance over Mr.

Omond's pleasant pages. For Mr. Omond has done something more than "write up to" illustrations. He has shown us the mediæval world side by side with that of to-day, together with sufficient glimpses of the life of the intervening period which connects the two, and has done justice to all alike. Perhaps he leans a little too much upon the flamboyant Motley, but he has not put himself blindly into the hands of any one authority. We have not caught him tripping in any material point; but he has made two rather funny little slips. His arithmetic is at fault when he counts it only a century from the surrender of Antwerp to Alexander of Parma to Joseph II.'s demand for the re-opening of the Scheldt; and, writing of the last siege of the town (that of 1830), he says: "The wind carried the sound of the cannonade to Brussels, where, after sunset, the people saw the sky glowing red in the east"—which was strange.

Ghent and Antwerp have chapters to themselves; but Brussels, the old capital of Brabant, is the central point of the narrative. The incurable frivolity of the Bruxellois is well brought out, showing how chimerical was the project of joining them with the serious-minded Dutch in a Kingdom of the United Netherlands. Joseph II., of Austria, understood them as little as did their first and only Dutch sovereign. Charles of Lorraine, who ruled them for thirty-six years in the eighteenth century, was a prince after their own heart, with his mighty banquets, Venetian fêtes and spectacles for the people. Creevey's description of the Sunday population of Brussels sitting about tables drinking beer in the Porte Namur while Waterloo was being fought is curiously significant of the Belgian nature. A page facing the painting of La Belle Alliance tells how little the field of the great battle has changed in its aspect during the course of nearly a century.

The most striking feature of modern Antwerp Mr. Omond finds to be its Germanisation. The Belgian Government is said to be getting very nervous about the designs of the Kaiser, and it is thought to be within the possibilities of the future that the city on the Scheldt may be once again "the hinge on which the peace of Europe turns." Still one scarcely contemplates the probability of a twentieth-century German "Fury" succeeding the Spanish and French Furies of the sixteenth century. And are we not reminded that the Burgomaster declared not long since that his city was from a commercial point of view one of the most important British ports in the world?

As for the pictures, we like those of Antwerp by far the best. The chapel of St. Joseph in the cathedral, the archway under the Vieille Boucherie, and the roadstead from the Tête de Flandre are very beautiful colour-pieces, and the *concierge* of the Musée Plantin-Moretus looks almost as if he had stepped out from the frame of an old master. The Banquet Hall and the Arrière Faucille, Ghent, are also very striking; but the pictures of Brussels, owing partly, no doubt, to the more modern aspect of the Petit Paris, do not give one quite so good an impression. The choice of the Hôtel de Ville for the frontispiece may, however, be considered justified.

## BRIGANDS—AND OTHERS

*Soldiers of Fortune in Camp and Court.* By ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an interesting book, though we can hardly understand Mr. Shand's assertion that his selection—"naturally beginning with the mediæval Condottieri and as naturally ending with the Indian Adventurers, their modern representatives"—is not altogether arbitrary, seeing that between these somewhat wide limits

we find men who could hardly have been introduced save after an arbitrary fashion. The title is a conveniently vague one. Following a preliminary sketch of the Condottieri, of Hawkwood and Francesco Sforza, come, among others, Sir James Turner, Prince Eugene and Marshal Keith. One asks, Why Eugene in the same category with Hawkwood? and if Eugene, why not his great comrade in arms, Marlborough? Doubtless a more common knowledge of Marlborough is to be presumed among English readers, yet he was hardly less truly, if less avowedly, a Soldier of Fortune than the brilliant Prince; but both of them are surely a little removed from the leaders of Free Companies, who plundered Italy in an earlier century.

Of one such leader we could wish, indeed, that Mr. Shand had written more fully. We have a certain fondness for Sir John Hawkwood, grim brigand though he was, maintaining a splendid ascendancy during the thirty years of his leadership of the renowned White Company. An extraordinary man: Tanner's son, tailor's apprentice, pressed recruit, he served in France, secured the Black Prince's favour, and in 1364 took command of the White Company. By proffered subsidy or frank blackmail, he obtained enormous sums—130,000 gold florins from Florence in a few months, and similarly large "gifts" from Pisa and Lucca. It was no common genius that enabled Hawkwood to preserve himself amidst the secret dangers of Italian diplomacy (himself by no means unpractised in it) and the provocations of years of piracy and pillage. Ruskin somewhere names him among the best men of the surrounding groups of men, with a high quality of captainship, and has, in fact, a rather surprising admiration of the shrewd and powerful land-buccaneer. When Hawkwood died—not, strange to say, by sword or poison—he was awarded by the Florentines the magnificent tribute (remember, he was but an English adventurer) of a public funeral with military honours; and then Richard II., for an even more magnificent tribute, begged his body in order that it might rest in English earth. With the body, Richard received a letter which, as Mr. Shand does not give it, we print here:

Our devotion can deny nothing to your Highness's Eminence: There is nothing in our power which we would not strive by all means to accomplish, should it prove grateful to you.

Wherefore, although we should consider it glorious for us and our people to possess the dust and ashes of the late valiant knight, nay, most renowned captain, Sir John Hawkwood, who fought most gloriously for us, as the commander of our armies, and whom at the public expense we caused to be entombed in the Cathedral Church of our city; yet, notwithstanding, according to the form of the demand, that his remains may be taken back to his country, we freely concede the permission, lest it be said that your sublimity asked anything in vain, or fruitlessly, of our reverential humility.

We, however, with due deference, and all possible earnestness, recommend to your Highness's graciousness the son and posterity of said Sir John, who acquired no mean repute, and glory for the English name in Italy, as also our merchants and citizens.

That was perhaps the golden time for these formidable free-lances, but Mr. Shand's book reminds us that it was not their only time. He has sketched briefly Sir James Turner and Munro, both of whom furnished—a sufficient title to our gratitude—hints, and more than hints, for the incomparable Dugald Dalgetty. Perhaps in "A Legend of Montrose," and "Quentin Durward" the most vital and sympathetic portraiture of the true Soldier of Fortune is to be found. We could wish room had been found in the present volume for a chapter on Le Balafre, as typical an hireling as any to be met in an age when to be hired for fight, or for withholding from fight, was the ambition of many a needy adventurer. One does foolishly to judge them harshly. When there was no Armada to crush and no royal authority to go pirating to the confusion of your country's enemies and to your private emolument, it was hardly wonderful that English and Scotch adventurers were to be found—where were they not found? In other days their spears had been held for English

causes; but the employment and strife which they lacked at home they found abroad, with a wilder and more impetuous licence, and the not unimportant addition of booty, which their mere names could sometimes draw from cowering and remembering cities.

We have said that this is an interesting book, and apparently Mr. Shand, to judge by his reticence in the matter of dates and stern exclusion of references, does not mean it to be more than simply interesting. That, however, should not preclude a little care in the writing. The style, on the whole, is not unattractive, but it is sometimes careless. It were surely easy to avoid writing—"He is said to have fought twenty-three battles—such as these mediæval battles were—and to have been only vanquished in one of them." And a little care would hardly have left the following sentence as it is—"Though it is said that no man can serve two masters, he played fast and loose successfully with both Pope and Duke, though he bore the standard of the one and drew pay from the other." It is a melancholy reflection that the capable writer of this book, and of many another pleasant page, will never again expose himself to our ungracious cavils. News of his death came sadly to us since the main part of this review was written.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*Studies Historical and Critical.* By PASQUALE VILLARI. London. (T. Fisher Unwin, 15s. net.)

THE one study which may be regarded as wholly critical in this volume is that entitled "Is History a Science?" and occupies some two-fifths of the whole. The question raised would seem at first sight to be purely academic, and it is in this vein that the essay is begun, but later we are involved in a sea of metaphysics; Kant, Hegel, and Nietzsche contribute their quota in the form of excerpts from their philosophies, until at last we ask ourselves, bewildered, whether the essay is not on man's relation to history rather than on the treatment that should be accorded to history in order to render it an encyclopædia of human motive and experiment. The question raised is not a new one, and Signor Villari gives us an annotated resumé of the main opinions expressed within the past few hundred years. Resolved into an elementary form, the point at issue may be briefly stated as follows: Is man, *qua* man, so much the same throughout all historical periods that a detailed account of his actions may serve as a guide to future conduct, or, on the other hand, does the factor we call human nature change so materially that it cannot be regarded as a constant? If we accept the first alternative, then history should be treated as a science; if the latter, as an art, and it will be well for us to study the lessons of a past age through the expressed personality of the writer, be he of what period he may. Voltaire had no doubt upon the matter when, in his "Essay on Manners," he wrote:

... tout ce qui tient à la nature humaine se ressemble d'un bout de l'univers à l'autre—

although he qualified this plain statement of opinion somewhat by adding—that all things dependent upon custom were different. Our author finds another factor which is subject to change, inasmuch as it is susceptible of growth; this factor being faith, or, as he sometimes expresses it, "goodness." Thus he says:

... our knowledge of the nature of goodness cannot be called scientific. ... So, too, for the moment, if we try to establish the principle of politics by deducing it from some philosophic conception of the ultimate end of society and of man, or from the absolute idea of truth, we shall only obtain a systematic and abstract science, to which will be opposed, as in the past, a blind empiricism that has no faith in a science which is powerless to exert any practical effect.



The essay is an interesting one, although it contains perhaps little of originality (it may be mentioned that the author is now in his eighty-first year), but the expert collation and contrast of so many weighty opinions upon a subject that is in its essence a vital one, renders it a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history.

The studies Historical which fill the remaining three-fifths of the volume are six in number, and require but brief notice. The most interesting among them is a personal appreciation of Dominico Morelli, the author's brother-in-law, an appreciation which is full of sympathy and understanding. Morelli is little known as a painter to the English public, although his work on the illustration of the great Dutch Bible may have brought him some notice from his connection in that undertaking with Alma Tadema, who wrote of it on one occasion as *tous des révélations*, and in the same letter expressed his opinion that Morelli was "le roi du noir et du blanc." Among the other essays may be noted that on "The Youth of Count Cavour," written after reading "The Letters of Count Cavour," edited by Senator Chiala. We do not find, however, that it throws much new light on the character of Italy's great statesman, nor upon the influencing circumstance that led to his great and single-hearted devotion to his country's salvation.

*The Land in the Mountains.* Being an Account of the Past and Present of Tyrol, its People and its Castles. By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. (Simpkin Marshall, 12s. 6d. net.)

It is good to be sure, before opening a book, that it will be well worth reading, and worthy of recommendation. This is the case with anything that Mr. Baillie-Grohman may write. His previous books on sport, shooting, Tyrol and the Tyrolese have guaranteed him the respect and admiration of all who appreciate clear-cut, straightforward work, and intimate knowledge of the thing written about. In the present work the author is at his best. His father was an Austrian by birth, and he has spent many years of his life in that wonderful Austrian Alpine district, which is all too unknown to the average Briton. Tyrol is small, but it teems with historical association:

Take a country twice the size of Yorkshire, people it with one-seventh of the population of London, cover nine-tenths of its area with a sea of mountains, many covered with snow and ice all the year round, cut into this mass of heaven-soaring rocks three deep and numerous shallower incisions, which latter branch from the deeper depressions like fish bones, and you have in a nutshell the cause of castles being crowded together in the three main valleys.

Much of the book is taken up with a full and extraordinarily interesting account of these old castles, chief among them being that of Matzen (an ideal mediæval mansion of surpassing beauty), Tratzberg, Griefenstein, Taufers, Sigmundskron, and Sterzing. Mr. Baillie-Grohman has evidently been at great pains to collect and collate contemporary records of old Tyrolese life, and he has been entirely successful in giving a thoroughly sound and reliable account of this curious corner of Europe. He tells the stories of some of the oldest Tyrolese families, such as the Frundsbergs, who hailed from the Unter Einthal, and of the Fuggers, the wonderful mediæval millionaires, who lent money to most European monarchs (including Queen Elizabeth), and practically held in mortgage several kingdoms from Italy to Britain. To any one studying the history of Europe in the Middle Ages from an economic point of view, the sidelights thrown by this book must be of inestimable value. There are very many excellently reproduced pictures of people, places, old prints and typical interiors, which convey a life-like impression of the fascination of the Tyrol. It is only fair to the author to thank him heartily for a thoroughly good and interesting work.

## DR. STIGGINS: HIS VIEWS AND PRINCIPLES

*A Series of Addresses delivered by that Gentleman to his Flock*

No. I.

HAVE you realised, do you think, the full extent to which we poison the streams at the very fountain-heads? Listen to this:—

"The history of England has been too often written in the 'drum and trumpet style,' and that of the English people too much neglected. Numberless books have been written, and the imagination racked to idealise in visionary style the doubtful deeds of a class who were quite apart from the real life of the nation. Romanticists deal with episodes in the careers of that class, adopt artificial standards of virtue and morals, and by their genius cast a glamour of greatness and nobility over deeds which, judged by a righteous standard, are little short of ruffianism."

Excellent, you say, but again I ask, do you quite see where these admirable sentiments should lead you? It is easy enough to say that history should be recast, that it has been too long in the hands of the Tories and the Churchmen; but the question arises, how is this to be done? Consider the origins of our history. Were the early Britons Protestants? Truth forces us to declare that they were Pagans, and not merely Pagans, but subject to that most revolting of all influences, a sacerdotal caste—the famous or infamous Druids. Little, I believe, is known of this priestly order; still there is enough for our purpose. We know that it was not permissible for any Briton without education, without training, without authority to rise and proclaim himself as good a Druid as any of those beings who celebrated their mysterious rites in the groves of Mona; we know that the priests kept education in their own hands and exacted elaborate trials from their neophytes; we know that the practice of human sacrifice was only too common. What is all this system but the Church of England in an undeveloped state, exacting its tale of infant souls to be bound up and sacrificed in the rigid framework of dogma, proud of its pompous ordinations, arrogant in repelling the claims of better men to the full privileges of the Gospel. Look again to the organisation of the State; what do we hear but stories of chieftains and princely families, of Caractacus and Boadicea? Why is there nothing said of Caractacus's cook? Why is history silent as to Boadicea's lady's maid? Always the same story; the people are neglected; and when Britain was invaded, have we a list of the private soldiers' names? No, indeed, this island was invaded by Julius Cæsar, as if the patient legionaries were nothing—and so the story goes on; a roll of so-called "great men," while the mass of the people is forgotten and despised. I declare to you that the reading of history makes my blood boil; century after century tells the same story, in sickening monotony illustrious name follows illustrious name on the slavish page, saint and hero, king and poet and knight, in an endless repetition, till one is forced to cry out in indignant remonstrance, to ask the historian whether he has forgotten that the English People ever existed.

Yet this is the farrago that we teach our children, this is the food on which we expect to rear good Free Churchmen and Liberals. Only the other day my little boy came home from school, as I could see, in a state of perplexity and distress. At first I was inclined to think that the master (who I believe to be a Jesuit in disguise) had been revolting the child's mind with the fetishism of Infant Baptism, or with some such degrading dogma, but I found that I was mistaken. The child had been learning about the Norman Conquest, and as he told me the story he burst into

tears, and said at last: "But, papa, why didn't the County Council pass a resolution forbidding that bad man to conquer England? and was Mr. John Burns away for his holiday when they did it?" What could I say to the poor boy? I have brought him up in the belief that the County Council, the Free Churches, and John Burns have made England what it is, and was I to try his childish faith by confessing that none of these was in existence in the year 1066? I do not know whether I was right or wrong, but, right or wrong, I told him that the Norman Conquest was the result of the Tories being in office, and with that answer he was content.

But you see my point: the whole trend of history is absolutely undemocratic; it falsifies modern and enlightened principles on every page and in every chapter. The tendency of modern thought goes to show that the people are everything. To them the wisdom of the nation has given the supreme power; from them, we believe, all inspiration in things political and ecclesiastical proceeds. We scoff, and we scoff rightly, at the old aristocratic-sacerdotal idea that all good gifts are from above, that the universe is a hierarchy, an ordered system of graded functions and powers, in which there are varied excellencies and functions, one star exceeding another star in glory, the oak having one splendour, the daisy another. On the contrary: we affirm that all good gifts are from below, we say that wisdom is to be found in great masses of people after due preparation by political agencies, that the ministerial functions are delegated by the populace. With all due reverence, we decline to consider the lilies; we prefer to consider the cabbages and the Spanish onions. Lilies are picturesque? I dare say they are; some people have found the monarchy and the papacy picturesque; but have these things benefited the people? We refuse, then, this analogy *in toto*, as we used to say at college; we declare that daisies make excellent timber, that the blossom of the potato surpasses the proudest blooms in aristocratic gardens, that the oak is a shameless and useless consumer of the soil. Yes; but with what heart can we go on preaching these truths while at the same time we allow our children to read the so-called History of England, which diametrically opposes every one of these conclusions? We might bear to read of the conquest of England, if it were described as an irresistible popular movement; how can we honestly teach our children that this fair land was subdued by William the Conqueror?

You ask my remedy. It is a simple one enough: I would abolish history. Nay; why do you start? Is the world always to be the slave of the past? Is generation after generation to be bound fast in the swaddling bands of antiquity? There was a worthy Puritan in the seventeenth century who proposed that the new order should be consolidated by the burning of all the records of England, and I heartily wish that this most sensible suggestion had been carried out. I confess I grind my teeth when I pass the Record Office; for what is it but a great storehouse of evil precedents; an armoury from which the enemy draws arguments to support his infamous and absurd conclusions. A Romanist Cardinal once said that the appeal to history was treason to the Church; I say it is treason to the people and the people's cause. We know that all Kings were remorseless tyrants; the antiquary with his wretched parchments proves many of them to have been eminently human beings, brave, courteous, and wise. We know that the Church is and always has been a conspiracy against the human race; we are confronted with documents showing how the Church fed the hungry and clothed the naked. Nay; the minds of the people are poisoned from the

same source with tales of old time merriment, of kindly traffic between rich and poor, of days when there more spires than factory chimneys, of charity given with love and received without shame.

I say, once for all, in the words of our classical professor, *Delenda est Carthago*—history must be abolished. After all, our part is in the future, is it not? We are not placed in this world to delve in the graves of the past, that our minds may be enslaved by ghosts of the bad old days that are gone for ever, that in poring over the inflated records of an imaginary chivalry we may forget our Burns and our Bannerman, our Clifford and our Macnamara. Let us take example by our brothers across the ocean, who have given the world such a wonderful lesson in progress and virtue. The American child's lessons in history are simple enough; he is briefly taught that all Kings are bad, that all aristocrats are bad, that all priests are bad; that the dawn of the world's true history begins with the Declaration of Independence, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is a picturesque way of alluding to the United States. See that great nation freed from all the toils of tradition, from all the bigotry and tyranny of the past; and consider what we should be if we could escape in like manner from our dismal roll of conquests and victories, of battles and pageants, of kings and warriors, of saints and bishops. Soon, I hope, we shall have done a great deal; we shall have substituted for the unintelligible utterances of an obsolete dogmatism called creeds the simpler, more human profession of:—"I believe in the County Council Syllabus"; but how much more remains to be accomplished. Let us, I say, shut up the poisonous wells, let the springs of history be condemned, let us begin our text-books with the simple sentence:—"Once upon a time there was a very good man named Campbell-Bannerman."

And why should not this system be carried right through the books we give our children? I can remember an old geography book from which I learned the lesson that all Protestant countries were prosperous and that all Popish ones were poor, showing that Protestantism is true Christianity, since Protestants have naturally inherited all the blessings pronounced on the very rich in the New Testament. Thus we children were shown how everywhere Protestants had overcome the world in accordance with the Gospel precept, and I remember my good mother telling me that Romanists never had anything better to eat than frogs or potatoes. Surely there is a good deal to be said for such a system of education as this; surely it ought to be the basis of all our education if England is to maintain that Protestant character which has made the nation what it is. We know (for Miss Corelli has told us) that a great conspiracy is on foot, that Romish gold is being lavished throughout the country, that most of the parsons are in direct correspondence with the Vatican. Indeed, it is impossible for the most casual observer to avoid the impression that mischief is in the air; as one passes along the streets one sees church doors open on every side, the mutter of the confessional sounds like the hiss of some venomous snake through the wholesome turmoil of business, and only the other day a friend of mine pointed out to me that a piano-organ in the street was playing a Popish anthem called *Gloria in excelsis*. Are we not to strike a blow for our homes and hearths? Are the men of England asleep? Unless we are beware we shall wake up too late, and find the monasteries have replaced factories, that the brave glow of the blast-furnace has given way to the infernal fires of the Inquisition.

I ask, then, for a scheme of education permeated by Protestantism. A little child was once asked why John was such a good man, and the answer came swiftly: "Because he was a Baptist." That is the



right spirit, and I want to see it diffused through all that we teach our children. I want the children to grow up with the love of the healthier England of to-day; I would sternly restrain the teachers who propose to bewilder those infant minds with the catalogue of crimes and villainies which masquerade as history. It may be necessary for them to learn these things, when they are older: when, in the poet's words, "shadows of the penitentiary" close around them; it is, unfortunately, necessary that we should make ourselves acquainted with many forms of evil as we descend through the vale of life. But why should we perplex and distress these tender little souls with the "deeds which are little short of ruffianism"—to use the words of the author I quoted a little while ago? We do not teach the little ones the story of Charles Peace or of Sixteen-String Jack, we do not force them to acquire the technique of coining or of forgery, and I have yet to learn that the Newgate Calendar is an indispensable volume in our Sunday School Libraries. Then why should we insist on these little vessels being defiled with tales which are even more flagitious and disgraceful to our common humanity? Why should books be placed within reach of the young which can only minister poison? Why should their minds, at the most impressionable age, be forced to batten on such horrors as Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Trafalgar and Waterloo, on the (probably imaginary) achievements of the Black Prince and the Duke of Wellington? Why should we stain their imaginations with accounts of the landing of Augustine and his gang of idolatrous monks? You talk of the love of country; we know only too well what a chapter of iniquities that phrase covers, and for my part I heartily wish that the phrase and all that it implies could be forgotten. It may be necessary, as I say, that, later on, they should acquire some knowledge of these things; some wise and tender friend, perhaps the mother, may break to them by degrees the orgie of abominations, the roll of shame which we call the history of England. Then with but little danger, they may learn how their misguided and brutal forefathers fought and died for their country, how they drank pure beer and ate beef all the year round, how they were plunged in darkness, superstition, and ignorance till the "Gospel light first shone from Boleyn's eyes," as someone beautifully expresses it. Then they may be informed of the terrible fact that there were no Free Churches in the Dark Ages—no Free Churches, no processions of unemployed, no workhouses, no East End, no submerged tenth, no margarine, no great factories, none of the things that make us so happy in these better days that we live in. Then they may hear—and I am sure they will hear with horror—that there are things called bishops still suffered to pollute the air, that in every parish a sham-priest still hides his head from the scorn of honest men—but with the poison will come the antidote, for they will be old enough to understand that the darkness of the Dark Ages was due to the absence of all the blessings I have enumerated; their principles will have been firmly established, and they will be fired with a holy zeal to complete the good work that has been so well begun.

But let them not be taught all this while they are young; not while they are lisping at their mothers' knees their little hymns, their undenominational prayers, their simple Bible teaching about "a good man who lived long ago." No; I would have all children taught as I have taught mine. The past with all its horrors is veiled from their eyes; they know that God loves them and that the County Council cares for them; that though Earth hath many a noble city Battersea doth all excel; and last but not least they know that Mr. John Burns is always near them. For them these simple streets about us are all the world, and though I have heard Lavender Dale called

monotonous, I am sure it is not so to them. The architecture of the Baptist Church to which my ministry is given represents to them the last word of beauty in building; its combination of cast-iron tracery, classic columns in stucco, and fancy design in vari-coloured bricks will always remain in their minds as a vision of celestial loveliness. Last Sunday I had been telling the little ones about Heaven, and after the lesson my boy Albert came up to me with his eyes brimming over with tears, and his lip trembling. I asked the little man what was the matter. "Oh, father," he sobbed, "I've been thinking of what you told us, and I'm sure I know what heaven will be really like." I was a good deal touched, and patting the brave little fellow on the head, I answered: "Are you, my son? Will you tell father about it?" Gulping down his tears, he replied: "I think it will be like Battersea Park, only ever so much larger. And there won't be any games at all going on, and all the gentlemen and ladies, and little boys and girls will be dressed like they are on Sunday. The gentlemen will all be in such beautiful shiny black clothes, with bright silk hats and white shirts, every one of them, and the young ones will have fair moustaches and small chins and bright blue silk ties, and all the old gentlemen will have white beards like fringes all round their throats, and every one will have a Bible in one hand and an umbrella in the other, though the sun will shine just as it did at Clacton when we went on the Sunday School excursion last summer. And the ladies will be in lovely dresses like mother's best; red and blue and green, all new, like the parlour curtains, with large roses in their hats, and all the little boys and girls will be in velveteen and lace. And the flowers in the beds will be ever so much larger than they are now; there will be geraniums as big as breakfast cups, and double dahlias bigger than my hat, and all sorts of flowers, as bright as they were at the Wesleyan Flower Show at Clapham Rise, and much brighter than any of the flowers that the bad rich people have in their horrid hothouses. And Gawd will sit on a great white throne in the middle, almost as fine as the Albert Memorial that I saw when you took us to Hyde Park, and Dr. Clifford will tell everybody how bad the Tories were, and Mr. John Burns will talk about the House of Lords, and everybody will be so happy that they will say 'cheers,' and 'laughter,' and 'hear, hear' for ever and ever. There won't be any bishops or priests or popes there, because they are all burning in the bad place, and very bad people like Father Damien you told me about when I was naughty will be burnt worse than anybody, because they tried to deceive the good people, only the nice, good Presbyterian minister found him out. There will be thousands and thousands of angels, like ladies in nightgowns, with very large wings, flying about everywhere as if they were so happy they didn't know what to do; but they will talk a good deal to the ministers, who will all be there. And there will be ever so many harmoniums, and American organs, all playing beautiful hymns, and the little children will give services of song in a large beautiful building just like our church; all about the Kings of Israel and Judah and the Hittites and the Hivites and the Amorites, which will make people feel very good. Then some very nice gentlemen from America will come in and say they come from God's own country, which is almost as good as heaven, and all the angels and the ministers will sing the Glory Song, and then everybody will have tea, with lots of jam."

Do you know that I could scarcely answer my little son? I do not know whether it is a father's partiality, but it seemed to me that in these few simple words, bubbling up from the child's heart, there was more spiritual truth than in all the works of foreign

Romanist poets whom it seems the fashion to praise nowadays. I have looked into the works of Dante—you know the book to which I allude—a book oddly, and I cannot but think irreverently, entitled the *Divine Comedy*. The title, with its theatrical associations, could not fail to jar upon me, as you may imagine, but when I came to examine the work itself I confess I was astonished that such a book should be so openly and widely circulated. You have heard my little son's vision—for so I dare to call it—and you must have been struck, I think, by the total absence of dogma, of that passion for definition which has been the plague of Christianity in the past, and is so still. God sits on a great throne, good men inculcate the duties of citizenship, all raise the voice of praise to the accompaniment of rare and exquisite music, there are services which delight the emotions and instil a knowledge of Bible History. Nay, the picture may be in a sense fanciful, it may not in all respects correspond to the latest conclusions of philosophical thought; but at all events there are no creeds here, no cramping, disturbing dogmas, no pseudo-scientific "theology," no arrogant assumption of authority. And, after all, criticism apart, the English Sunday that our good Puritan ancestors won for us is, to my mind at all events, no bad symbol of that heavenly home for which we are all bound. A child may do much worse than think of heaven as an eternal Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. This, then, I say is the result of the teaching that I would give to the little ones; you will notice that there is no thought of kings or saints or heroes in the child's mind, no pompous cathedral stuns and dwarfs his imagination, popes and priests are present only as vague embodiments of evil, destined to find punishment; he thinks of the good people about him, of the simple music he has heard Sunday after Sunday, of the eloquent discourses of which I have told him, and thus forms a picture which for all I know, is as "inspired" as the vision of John. I do not understand why Battersea should not be as holy as Patmos, and a Christian child in the England of to-day may, for all I know, have a clearer vision than the Eastern solitary of the first century.

But when I turn from little Albert's simple story to the so-called *Divine Comedy* of Dante; what a gulf yawns between them!

But this opens up a new vista before us, and I think I will defer my remarks on this subject to some succeeding afternoon.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

## THE GRAND STYLE

SINCE Tintoretto nailed to the wall of his studio "The Drawing of Michael Angelo and the Colour of Titian," great spirits in painting have sought to unite in their work those seemingly irreconcilable qualities, splendour of colour and perfection of form. On a small scale the problem has been partially solved by Vermeer, by Terborch, by the Belgian Alfred Stevens, in whose work, among others, we do find an impeccable presentation of form joined to great beauty of colour. But their colour, if I may borrow a simile from the wine-list, is "still," not sparkling. The Little Masters are a delight, but neither their drawing nor their colour is of the grand style, and it is in the grand style that this reconciliation of splendid colour to perfect form appears so difficult to effect. In the first place, it is exceedingly rare for a Master to be at once a great colourist and a great draughtsman. Michael Angelo had an abominable sense of colour, Correggio lacked a searching eye for form. Even when Masters have excelled in both particulars, as Rubens and Watteau did, it is not often that we find united in the same work, or in the same portion of the same work, their highest achievements in both colour and form.

The truth is that draughtsmanship and colour call for the exercise of different faculties: the first is intellectual, the second emotional. We feel colour, we have to think out form. Drawing is amenable to reason, colour is not; and if in correction we are able to perfect the first, we are at the same time more than likely to destroy the charm of the second. Herein lies the crux of the problem. A time comes when every painter has to make the choice; consciously or unconsciously he must attach greater importance to one or the other. Sooner or later he must sacrifice one of the two. Which is it to be? Ideally it should be neither, and if at the offset he be so gifted, or so fortunate, as to secure in the first overpainting a convincing presentation of form together with a spontaneous splendour of colour, why, then, for him—happy man!—the problem does not exist. But if in churning his luscious pigment into a harmony of sparkling hues he lose his drawing, understate the curve of a hip, or exaggerate the length of a hand, what is he to do? The counsel of perfection no doubt would be to pitch the canvas or panel aside, and to commence another picture. But, carried to its logical conclusion, this would annihilate contemporary painting, and condemn to destruction nine-tenths of the masterpieces of the past. It is folly to fling away a Koh-i-noor because it contains a tiny and insignificant flaw. Perfection rare in the mineral world, is beyond the reach of man, and mere accuracy is not the aim of art. That belongs to another department, and perfection, if obtainable, would reduce painting to a science.

From these premises it follows that it is of the first importance when estimating the worth of a young painter, whose powers as a colourist are too obvious to question, but whose rendering of form does not always accord with those academic canons of draughtsmanship in which every Victorian has been brought up, to satisfy ourselves whether he is truly inattentive to form and uncertain in its expression, or an accomplished draughtsman who prefers, when the tussle comes, to sacrifice correction of drawing to purity and freshness of colour. Mr. W. Alison Martin, the young Liverpool painter, who is holding his first exhibition in London at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street), is obviously a colourist of exceptional power. In the five years which have elapsed since his exhibition at the Royal Academy of a single large canvas—a life-sized Bacchanal inspired by Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"—he has run the gamut of the great colourists, passing from Giorgione and the Venetians, through Rubens, Watteau and Etty, to the jewelled magic of Diaz and Monticelli. He has put into practice that study of other Masters recommended by Reynolds, and it has neither enfeebled his mind nor led to the disappearance of "that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have." On the contrary, as Sir Joshua foretold, it has produced variety and originality of invention, "even genius; at least, what generally is so called." Sailing his adventurous barque down the main stream of the traditional grand style, Mr. Martin has touched at many ports, but he has stopped at none. If a slight change of metaphor be allowed, he steers by the stars, but he follows his course, not their own; and never letting go of the tiller he steers onward to a point he alone knows.

Titian was his first guide, and in some of the earlier figure subjects shown the influence of that Master is still apparent. In "The Blue Bird" (36), for example, in which the painter, fired by Titian's "Virgin with St. Catherine," bravely tackles the contrasting and harmonising of unbroken masses of glowing colour. In the latest work Watteau and Monticelli are the dominating influences, and the colour, though still strongly personal, has become more broken and mysterious. I have heard it said that Whistler and Monticelli are "all right for themselves, but bad models to follow." But no great painter, as these undoubtedly were, is a bad model for an intelligent student. Good is to be gained



from all, not excepting these two past-masters in the art of manipulating respectively still and sparkling colour. The great thing is to learn to discriminate between a Master's virtues and his defects, and emulating the first, to avoid the second. The danger lies in following the second-rate, instead of going direct to the fountain-heads of excellence. Thus if classicism be the goal, it is better to follow Raphael than Leighton; yet better to follow Leighton than Poynter. The soup of the soup of the soup is not a nutritious diet.

With a natural leaning towards the use of brilliant, jewel-like colour, with an imagination peopling enchanted forests with troops of maids in gay attire, it was inevitable that Mr. Alison Martin should find his affinity in Monticelli. The more praise is due to him for having recognised the greatness of this king of colourists, sparsely appreciated twenty years after his death. Monticelli, among many other things, extended the boundaries of cabinet painting. He proved that there was an alternative to the methods of the Dutch Masters, and inspired by the *fêtes champêtres* of Watteau, of Rubens, of Titian and of Giorgione—thus runs the line of descent—he made the grand style possible on a panel sixteen by twelve. From Monticelli Mr. Martin, within the last year or two, has learnt to reduce the size of the figures in his fantasies, and something of that magic which makes them play hide and seek before the eyes of the spectator. But he is never a servile copyist, and save in the golden-toned "Souvenir de Monticelli" (23)—in which he frankly confesses his aim—his colour is too strongly personal to be justly styled derivative. It is in the colour that his individuality must primarily be sought, and it is the colour that links his landscapes to his idylls. So few are following or developing what one may call the Watteau tradition, that these joyous revels, if only for their novelty, would first attract attention. But Mr. Martin shows no narrowness in his choice of themes, and we may opine that, next to resplendent ladies glittering in the grounds of romantic castles, the vision of nymphs by haunted streams is dearest to his fancy. The nymphs allow him to display that knowledge of form which we expect from a pupil of Mr. Augustus John—to say nothing of Bouguereau, Ferrier and René Prinnet—though, in fairness to the ladies, it should be stated that the *fêtes* contain some delightful drawing, notably the seated figure to the right in that lovely pyramidal composition, "Place aux Dames" (11), as dainty and exquisite as any Watteau. But apart from a trio of studies in three chalks of costumed figures in movement, the most complete expression of his draughtsmanship is "The Pearl Gatherers" (5), lent by Mr. Alfred Earl, with its superb standing figure, serene and classic, a torso modelled with the precision and polish of a Legros. It is beautiful in colour, too, though it is not on the level of his highest achievement in this particular. Compare it with the smaller and later "Bathers" (16). The earlier picture is more complete and more elaborate. Yet that very elaboration which has perfected the form has to a slight extent staled the freshness of the colour and the spontaneity of the handling. It is the penalty of correction, of attention to "accuracy," for in repainting you cannot make a gain without a corresponding loss. And for this reason the artist will prefer the "Bathers," though beside the other it is a mere sketch. But it is a sketch full of life and light, fresh in colour, simple and spontaneous in handling. Its directness is really more honest painting, and the ease of handling and truthful lighting of the shining flesh would not be unworthy of Renoir.

Flashing like a fiery meteor into a world that knows him not, Mr. Alison Martin has puzzled certain metropolitan critics, who are ignorant apparently of movements at Liverpool and Glasgow. Bewildered by his variety, and unable to distinguish between his earlier

and later work, they fail to trace the steady advance towards the more perfect utterance of his own idea of beauty. Balancing itself with care on the fence, the *Daily Mail*—amazing organ!—pats the young painter on the back, but deplores his "wavering allegiance to various idols," and urges him to "find himself." I do not want Mr. Martin to find himself in order to make things easier for his critics. To find oneself in art is usually to discover the best paying line of goods, and to produce these, and these only, with mechanical regularity. It was finding himself that well-nigh ruined the late Fritz Thaulow, as it has ruined many another painter of talent. Let Mr. Martin go on "wavering"; let him paint mills (26) and bridges (35) in token of his admiration for Jacob Maris, sunlit glades (12) for the love of Diaz, bathers (25) in memory of the great and neglected Etty, nymphs and "Water Lilies" (18) as homage to the great Venetians. Variety wards off staleness and keeps a man interested in his work. Moreover, there is safety in numbers, and the fatal, if profitable, groove is not likely to be fallen into by an artist whose creative imagination is variously inspired to emulate so many of the world's greatest painters.

FRANK RUTTER.

## THE LIFE LITERARY

THIS is an age in which philanthropists lurk at every turn. People, indeed—perfect strangers for the most part—positively unite with one another in whole-souled endeavours to improve the moral and mental state of their fellow beings. Perhaps the recent wave of "revivalism" sweeping over London has had something to do with it; or perhaps it must be ascribed to some other cause altogether. Anyway, for weeks past my letter-box has been deluged daily with missives from kind-hearted individuals, whose sole object in life is apparently to benefit my unworthy self. One bold spirit actually offered to "convert" me "by correspondence"; a second has an encyclopædia to dispose of on "specially easy terms"; or, if I don't want that, I can have a fountain-pen instead; and a third will array my manly form from top to toe "in West End style (guaranteed) at City prices." It was left, however, for a fourth to make the only offer of which I felt able to avail myself. As the experiment afforded me some innocent entertainment at the time, I will describe it briefly, in the hope that others may profit by it.

The offer, like all those that preceded it, was embodied in pamphlet form. Entitled "The Life Literary," it undertook—in return for "so much down now, and the balance at client's convenience"—to "bring journalistic proficiency within the reach of everyone." The prospect sounded enticing. I picked the envelope and its contents out of the waste-paper basket to which I had consigned it mechanically a moment earlier, and looked it over again. There was a distinct suggestion of "hustle" in the opening paragraph that proclaimed an American inspiration, and a "now-or-never" in the final one that was almost irresistible. It was almost, however; not quite. Looked at critically, and in the cold light of an hour later, it left something wanting. There was too much promise about the prospectus, and the golden vista it opened up to all and sundry who availed themselves of the course of instruction described therein had a suspicious glitter. I found it, also—despite the glowing assurances to the contrary—difficult to believe that "The Life Literary" was within the grasp of all and sundry provided they could put down so much ready money beforehand. Reluctantly, accordingly, I abandoned the pleasing vision I had formed in the first flush of enthusiasm of seeing myself editor of the *Times* at the end of a fortnight, and put the matter from my mind.

I had reckoned, however, without a full perception of what my neglect involved. It was not long before

I found this out. At the end of a week came a letter of enquiry, expressed in polite but pained terms, as to why I delayed taking advantage of the "extraordinary offer." Silence seemed the only answer. I tried it, but it did not succeed, for my would-be benefactors suddenly adopted the tactics of the proprietors of an American patent medicine, and bombarded me daily with "follow-ups." Of the first six I took no notice. The seventh, however, broke down my stony defiance. Couched in this manner, it was impossible to hold out against it:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Apparently you have not yet decided to take up our initial course of journalism. We cannot believe your indecision is caused by the amount of the fee; especially when you remember that the lessons are such that they not only awaken the latent power of writing—which often sleeps unknown for many decades—and whet the ambition for a life full of scope and enterprise, but in addition to this, they place the student directly upon the road to success, showing him how to make money NOW. Any intelligent student will obtain sufficient practical knowledge from our lessons to earn money as a "Free-Lance," even supposing he eventually decides not to enter the "Life Literary." Possibly the reason of your not having taken advantage of our offer is that you are in doubt as to the value of our system of tuition. Thinking this may be so, we will help to remove this doubt by making you an offer, of which you can avail yourself without incurring any liability. Send us one MS., either one which has been rejected or one specially written for the purpose, and we will revise it for you. We shall deal with it in the same way as we deal with essays, articles, and stories written by students under our instruction. We will return it to you with our notes, comments, and advice, and thus you will be in a position to judge of our methods for yourself. In conclusion, we will add that the instructor in our journalistic branch is a practical London journalist, and the lessons he gives are not obsolete, mythical semi-lectures.—Yours faithfully,

This was a sporting offer; as a man and a Briton I could scarcely do less than close with it. Without delay, accordingly, I picked out a manuscript from a large collection in my desk and dispatched it to the London office—somewhere in the Pimlico postal district—of Messrs. So-and-So. Then I sat down to await the result.

It came with exhilarating and business-like promptitude. Accompanying the promised return of my manuscript was a type-written document. I looked at it admiringly. In one corner was emblazoned the Stars and Stripes; in the other was the Union Jack. Evidently the operations of the "Twentieth Century College of Journalistic Tuition" were widespread. In a neatly-framed margin running down one side of the sheet was a long list of "Fellows and Experts on the Instructional Staff." With surprise and disappointment (for the preliminary prospectus had distinctly stated that "all England's literary men" were patrons of the college), I searched in vain for the names of either the editor of THE ACADEMY, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, or Conan Doyle. Strangely enough, they were one and all unaccountably absent. Not even that of Mr. William Le Queux filled a breach. However, I was not going to let these omissions dishearten me. There were still plenty of names left, and it was my ignorance no doubt that made their fame in the literary world unknown to me.

With a feeling of pleasurable excitement, I began to read the "notes, comments, and advice" that, in accordance with the kindly promise of Messrs. So-and-So, were to greet the bantling I had submitted to their expert judgment. The result was a little disheartening. It ran in this fashion:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Our instructor has carefully examined your MS. entitled ——. He finds that, while it shows a certain definite promise, it is written in too amateur a style to be of any commercial value. We would suggest that you enrol yourself as a student of Course A. This we are prepared to extend to you on the specially-reduced terms of three pounds (payable in advance), on receipt of which complete handbook of instruction will be mailed you. As this grand offer is only open for a limited period, we would respectfully urge you to avail yourself of it at once. With best wishes for your success, we are, dear sir, yours obediently, —.

On mature consideration I did not take advantage of "this grand offer" of making a successful *début* in "The Life Literary." Perhaps the chief reason that

influenced me in being thus wilfully blind to my own advantage was the fact that the article in question had already appeared in a London newspaper of admittedly high standing.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

## ART AND SCIENCE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

THE New Gallery and the room of the Royal Water-Colour Society, respectively, are now occupied by the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society and the Photographic Salon of the "Linked Ring."

The former is a show of very wide and general interest embracing scientific and technical photography and its application to processes of reproduction, as well as the important pictorial section. The other exhibition—a much smaller affair—is concerned with pictures only.

The life-history of bird and insect, astronomy, geology, physiography, optics, archæology and botany are demonstrated in the most fascinating way at the "Royal" exhibition, which adds this year a new sensation in the matter of colour-photography. A number of transparencies display the marvellous results of the autochrome plate, produced after years of research and experiment by the brothers Lumière, of Paris. These surpass previous inventions, not only by being more beautifully true to the colours of Nature, but also in the fact that they are produced in the camera by one exposure only, instead of the usual three.

In the pictorial section the efforts of picture-makers who seek artistic laurels are this year better than usual. A score or more are things of real beauty. We recommend the visitor to "A Winter Landscape," by the President, J. C. S. Mummery; to "Sur la Porte," by Leonard Missonne, a Millet-like picture, having the appearance of a strong but delicate chalk drawing; to G. E. Brown's "Die Alte Dorfbrücke," and to Fred Hollyer's capital portrait of F. G. Stephens, all but the last living P.R.B. In "Beaching a Coble at Staithes," C. E. Wanless has achieved a most inspiring presentment of the operation. It has fine movement and true effect. "En Passant," by Leonard Missonne, shows little children in a sunny lane, the truth of its sun and air being delightfully convincing, whilst the impressive simplicity of the large and dignified "Kloster Malchow," by Lette-Verein, would be hard to surpass. It reminds one of Böcklin. A group of "Kartenspieler" is a marvel of character-seizing, free from the least trace of self-consciousness in the sitters and with perfect lighting. This comes from Otto Scharf. It will be seen, indeed, that the Germanic element is strong amongst the very best; but the English members excel in the more ordinary attempts. Mrs. M. E. A. Powles sends "Our Lady of Amiens," a charming and silvery print of the cathedral seen behind slender trees, the whole reflected in the river. The many first-rate portrait studies by Furley Lewis are frankly photographic, but withal as artistic as could be wished.

At the exhibition of the Salon, Furley Lewis's portrait of Walter Crane and Hollyer's of Holman Hunt will be warmly welcomed by friends of these sitters, and any who know the fame of Dührkoop, of Hamburg, will be glad to study his fine portraits shown here. Amongst more strictly pictorial subjects, A. Horsley Hinton's "Steam Saw" and a few of the unconventional designs of M. Arbuthnot are perhaps the best. But in pure and "uncontrolled" photography nothing could surpass the beauty of F. H. Evans's architectural work, "In the Courtyard, Pierrefonds." Beyond these prints and a few more that space forbids allusion to, the Salon is not up to its usual interesting level. Retrogression rather than advance seems to be its movement. Much



of the charm of the show is due to a collection of prints by French workers in the new oil process which has become a favourite in Paris. By this method of printing, photography ceases to be recognisable as such, so great is the latitude of control in developing the prints. Mlle. C. Laguarde, MM. Demachy, Puyo, Hachette, Michau, to mention no more, send works that are worthy to hang with anything pictorial that is independent of photography as a basis; in saying which, we give the kind of praise for which these "art-photographers" yearn.

F. C. T.

## FICTION

*The Count's Chauffeur.* By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Nash, 6s.)

ON the authority of a responsible daily paper conveniently quoted on the title-page of this book, we learn that "Mr. William Le Queux is the favourite novelist of both Queen Alexandra and the King of Italy." In the same place we are assured that "A recent inquiry of the principal public libraries in the country shows that Mr. Le Queux's books are more in demand than those of any other author." This pleasing instance of the agreement of royal preference and democratic taste in literature will be still further confirmed by the success undoubtedly being already enjoyed by Mr. Le Queux's last book. It is everything that his admirers can desire, for it introduces Royal readers to the secrets and delights of high-class burglary conducted from a motor-car, and it will enable Balham and Birmingham to pick up much automobile lore, to enjoy by proxy the madness of swift motoring, to learn the manners and customs of exceedingly cosmopolitan society and to grow familiar with the names of the most fashionable hotels on the Riviera, in Italy and throughout the Continent. "The Count's Chauffeur" is George Ewart, who relates the misdoings of his master, Count Bindo di Ferraris, the head of an international gang of genteel scoundrels who motor about seeking whom they may rob and robbing them very successfully. Apparently, indeed, such theft is attended by as few real dangers as a railway journey is by risks of accident. As the divinity that rough hews these criminal careers it is of course imperative that Mr. William Le Queux should guard against them ending in anything so vulgar and low as detection and imprisonment, for that would cut short the book at page 160, and both publishers and public assert that 300 pages make one six-shilling novel. Allowing the usual bookseller's discount, this works out at about six pages a penny.

*A Lovely Little Radical.* By ALICE M. DIEHL. (Long, 6s.)

MRS. DIEHL has queer ideas: about Radicals, about men and women, about love, about maidens, and about novels. She is amazingly ingenuous, amazingly egoistic, amazingly energetic, and by inference amazingly successful as a writer of fiction. The lovely little Radical who forms the subject of this her latest novel is as unconvincing and stupid and dull as any of her predecessors. She enunciates conventional Utopian ideas about the dignity of labour and the levelling-up or levelling down (we are not sure which is the correct expression) of all classes of society; we are told that she falls in love with a gardener who rented the garden attached to a mansion of which she was the owner, although we fail to see any reason why she should; she believes this gardener to be a descendant of Julius Caesar, teaches him Italian, and marries him when he develops into a singer who takes Italy by

storm. The present reviewer prides himself on his conscientiousness in reading from cover to cover all novels submitted to him, but he proved unequal to the task of digesting a good deal of "A Lovely Little Radical."

*The Sheep and the Goats.* By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN a novel by Mrs. Mann one is always sure of a certain quiet and refreshing charm. Present-day novels for the most part belong to one of two classes—either they are frankly and unashamedly sensational, crowded from cover to cover with startling adventures, which are recounted with a rapidity that takes the reader's breath away, or they deal with one aspect or another of the eternal sex question. It is a decided pleasure to meet with an occasional novel which cannot be said to belong to either of the two foregoing types. In "The Memories of Ronald Love" Mrs. Mann, in our opinion, reached a standard which it would have been difficult indeed to maintain, so delicate, subtle and elusive was the charm of her writing. We were a little disappointed in "The Sheep and the Goats." The Rev. Harold Fisher is an annoying kind of person and one rapidly loses patience with him. If he was in love with Amanda Chatterhouse, what mistaken sense of duty was it that urged him to shelter the orphan, Daisy Meers, and ask her to marry him? The childish Daisy, by the way, with her extraordinary beauty, woeful lack of intelligence and general irresponsibility, is a very real character, wonderfully drawn. Fortunately for herself, and incidentally for the Rev. Harold, Daisy takes matters into her own hands by eloping with the handsome Aubrey Poole, leaving her aforesaid protector free to recover his common sense and to marry the witty and sparkling Amanda. The story is gracefully and pleasantly told, and in a quiet way is certainly one of the best novels of the present season.

*Marcus Hay.* By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. HYATT has written a novel of adventure—of adventure, too, in South-East Africa—almost entirely free from conventional trappings. That is no small achievement. You expect us, gentle reader, to label him a new Rider Haggard or a new Stevenson? We shall do nothing of the sort. We dislike labels; and besides, Mr. Hyatt is not the man to appeal to Mr. Rider Haggard's public; and though we have no doubt many lovers of Stevenson will read him with pleasure and perhaps delight, his work does not reveal an imagination approaching that of R.L.S. He is, we believe, a traveller, and as such he writes of things seen and heard and experienced, embellishing here and there for the benefit of those who need their Romance spelt with a capital letter, but embellishing always with a strict regard for truth and with an unerring sense of proportion. Here and there, though it is rare, of course, we come across a touch of satire which recalls Thackeray at his best; and here and there, we are bound to confess, we come across clumsy sentences and inartistic construction. But the book is a good one—it is one we would recommend everybody to buy and read and to give to their sons, who may skip the love element if they prefer jam puffs—and we congratulate Mr. Hyatt unreservedly on an excellent piece of work, marked by sympathy and humour, in which the characterisation is at all times happy, and at times almost masterly.

*The Wondrous Wife.* By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Nash, 6s.)

HERE we have clever variations of an old, bad theme. Margaret Lisle has left her husband, and is living a

good life, working among village girls. She meets Fawcett, an engineer, who loves her and whom she loves as much as she is able to care for anybody. The husband is laid hold of by a lingering illness, and just as Margaret has decided to go to South America with Fawcett, she learns of her husband's illness. She has not seen him for some years. He has entirely changed his manner of life, having become an ardent follower of the Catholic Church; and yet against all the laws of commonsense, and of all but conventional decency, she abandons her lover and goes to live again as sick-nurse to her husband. Her action is not shown to be the sentimental cowardice which it is, but is surrounded by a halo of nobility; and for that reason the book is as false as Margaret is to all the best in her. There is bitter irony in the priest's remark to her when she has come back:

"Woman!" he cried passionately, and gripped her arm. "Don't think, don't think! You are strong enough, do you hear? strong enough. You've done it, I tell you, and the rest is nothing."

If she had thought for a moment, she would have seen that her action was cowardice. She would have seen how she was hardly wanted in her husband's house. The priest gives voice to the horrible conventions, which hamper every sane effort towards a decent life, "don't think, don't think," and then delivers the usual balm to the soul which has been wounded by its own falseness in almost the last words of the book:

"I don't know what you've done, I don't care what it cost you, but believe me, it was worth doing. I thank God for letting me meet you."

And so her grievous sore is turned to the glory of martyrdom, as though Shelley and Meredith and Swinburne and Morris and the great revealers of God to modern man had never spoken.

*The Progress of Hugh Rendal.* By Lionel Portman. (Heinemann, 6s.)

A GENTLE philosopher, who played Rugby football for the University, once sadly remarked that Oxford would be charming if it were not for the "undergrads." Mr. Portman's book explains this cryptic saying, and many will see in his pages those men and those happenings faithfully portrayed, which bored them so inexpressibly when they were up. His hero is a good example of the average public school-man, and is a typical "undergrad." Coming straight from school with a scholarship to "Templar's College," he finds himself among a set of men who are like a flock of sheep, tyrannised over by Fashion, hide-bound by conventions, and chained up by 'Varsity etiquette. Hugh promptly gets to know "the best people" in his year; he rows, he reads, he rags, and he tells the sharks in the High to "send it round." In short, he does everything that the orthodox "undergrad" should do, but having no personality of his own he seems to miss most of the romance of Oxford life. He is machine-made, and, as with others of his type, it is always possible, given the circumstances, to foretell exactly what he will say and do. The plot of the story is of the slenderest. The painfully worthy Hugh, and Spenceleigh, an Admirable Crichton of enormous egotism and conceit, struggle for the hand of a particularly tiresome girl, and Hugh, of course, wins. There are some well written scenes of Oxford life in the book—a wine, a bump-supper, and a good description of the Boat-race, in which the hero takes part. Mr. Portman's local colour is photographically accurate, but we miss those intimate and revealing touches which would have made the whole picture true. However, considering the tediousness of the type of man he has chosen to describe, he has made his book commendably readable.

## MUSIC

### THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

THE Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall hold a place in London musical life apart from all others. They are surrounded by fewer conventions than are most musical functions, since they claim but little support from fashion; there is no social credit to be gained by attending them, and, on the other hand, there is nothing to prevent you from doing so if you have a shilling in your pocket and music in your soul; neither a top-hat nor a straw, a dress-suit nor a tweed jacket need prejudice your movements. The listener is a free man, and with this freedom of outward conditions he should bring an unfettered mind to his task of hearing. The average "Promenade" goer is concerned simply and directly with the music, and his attendance is not much influenced by individual performers. Mr. Wood and his capital orchestra are, indeed, essential to him, but beyond that the performers may be who they will. He waits until he gets to the hall to find out who is to play the Beethoven Concerto on a Friday night, or who is to sing "Wotan's Abschied" on a Monday, but he knows what music he is to hear beforehand; it is that which draws him there, and he is ready to trust that it will be well enough done for his enjoyment. If such an attitude cannot be said to be finely critical, it is not unhealthy, especially in a country which, until quite recent times, idolised the virtuoso and disregarded his music. It is good that we should settle down to a serious course of listening to music of many kinds, and, dissociating it as far as possible from the exigencies of the immediate performance, learn to judge it on its merits.

This year the Monday nights have been as exclusively devoted to Wagner as before. Under the present conditions which control operatic performances in London, the audiences of the Promenade Concerts rarely, if ever, get any other opportunity of learning to know the music of the *Ring*, *Tristan* or *Meistersinger*. So Monday night is valued, and the plan of including, besides the detachable songs, a whole scene between two characters—as, for instance, Act I., sc. III., of *Walküre*, between Siegmunde and Sieglinde, or Act III., sc. I., of *Siegfried*, in which Wotan, as the Wanderer, seeks counsel of Erda—is an extension of its usefulness, which has almost justified the exclusion of other music. Still, Monday is too much taken up with the more hackneyed orchestral pieces of Wagner, such as the preludes to *Lohengrin* and *Meistersinger*, and the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which, since they are heard on other nights as well, take up too great a part of the programmes.

The process of identifying the once opposed principles of "classical" and "popular" has been carried further than before on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday nights. We have generally been given programmes which, while full of variety and representing many schools of composition, yet maintain a certain relevancy between the numbers. This is the true art of programme making, for it is to the relevancy as well as to the variety that violence is often done by placing works in such artificial categories as "classical" and "popular," or even by arranging them on the one-composer principle. As an instance of particularly happy arrangement may be named the programme of September 24th, when Grieg's piano concerto in A minor, Mendelssohn's scherzo from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony stood near to one another; and, in a more serious vein, that of September 11th, when Mozart's overture to *Don Giovanni* preceded Brahms's magnificent violin concerto and first symphony, and the overture "Leonora III." opened the second part. On the other hand,



there have been one or two instances of glaring inappropriateness, as when Tchaikovsky's "Casse-Noisette" suite prepared the way for an aria from Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, or when Suppé's trivial overture made an unnecessary appearance after Mendelssohn's piano concerto in G minor. A certain amount of jostling must occur when the symphonies of Schubert, Brahms, Dvorák and Tchaikovsky, the concertos of Schumann, Liszt, Saint-Saëns and others have to be given among the small fry of popular overtures and symphonic poems. Moreover, a very large number of new works, many of them the experiments of young composers, have to be sandwiched in somewhere, and singers have to be persuaded into singing songs which are more or less congruous, so that each successful programme is in reality a marvel of ingenuity.

Amongst so many conflicting interests it is an admirable plan to have one night in the week which is holy ground; one concert into which, though not the exclusive preserve of a single composer, no work finds a place but such as belongs to the greatest and best that musical art can offer. Such a night in the present series of concerts is Friday. On nine successive Fridays one of the symphonies of Beethoven is being played, and with it is generally placed one of his concertos and one or two of his smaller works; but it is not entirely a Beethoven night, though its scope might perhaps be widened a little further. Bach's suite in C for strings, oboes and bassoons, and his second Brandenburg Concerto have been given; Mozart's arias are sung constantly, and there has been an occasional concerto and overture by him; Handel and Carrissimi have been represented by songs, and Schubert's lovely octet, divided between two concerts, was in each a charming interlude. Once or twice these programmes have been invaded by works of less general acceptance, but otherwise there is a sense of repose in them which makes them a sort of Sabbath among concerts; in them the storm and stress of the music of to-day is forgotten, and the hearer lives with the great ones of the art.

It is in connection with the Friday concerts that one naturally speaks of the excellence of the orchestral playing. In the old days, when the reputation of the Promenade Concerts was being built up on the "1812" overture and the "Walkürenritt," Mr. Wood and his orchestra were looked upon as gay and careless dogs by the more precise among musicians. There was always at Queen's Hall a brave show of rich effects and strong contrasts, which were not seriously impaired if the brass was blatant and the woodwind smudgy. Nor did the enterprise which produced in turn nearly every one of Richard Strauss's larger works make for perfection of detail, invaluable as it was from other points of view. But it has been perceptible to every careful listener that of late years Mr. Wood has looked more deeply into his music; that his development as a conductor has led him through the more obvious delights of modern music to a new understanding of Bach and Mozart, and an appreciation of what their performance demands, and that this again has reacted favourably upon his treatment of the whole range of orchestral music. So this year we have had some notable performances, in which the beauty of tone of the wind and the unanimous phrasing of the strings have made the beauty of the music speak with exceptional clearness. Amongst the foremost of these were the performances of Schubert's great symphony in C, on September 18th, and of Dvorák's enchanting symphony, "From the New World," on September 28th. Perhaps in some of Beethoven's works—the fifth symphony, for example—there have been symptoms of incompleteness, for perfection of detail is not everything, and may even have a disintegrating result when not controlled by a broad conception of the whole work. But it is needless to push the discussion further. The musical perceptions of conductor and

orchestra are growing with those of their audience. All who heard the *finale* of the seventh symphony on October 4th will agree that the Promenade Concerts are capable of great things. In that movement the work of the season seemed to culminate; it was borne along by a unanimous inspiration, in which the breathless attention of the large audience had as active a share as had the exuberant playing of the orchestra.

H. C. C.

## DRAMA

### HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THERE is very little doubt of the success of *As You Like It*; a crowded house last Monday evening received it with every sign of enthusiastic approbation. To the purist no doubt a great deal that took place during the evening was an offence, and yet setting aside as necessary a good many of the deviations from the accepted text, there was not much that could be objected to by any reasonable admirer of the Shakespearean drama. *As You Like It* is not a good play by whatever standard it may be judged. The story contains too many improbabilities. But treated as a beautiful fantasy, with all the wealth of decoration that Mr. Asche has lavished on it, it became what it was on Monday night, a charming amusement for the eye and the ear. To hear the lines spoken as they were by the principal performers was an unexpected joy in these days of slipshod enunciation, and the audience never failed to show their delight at the series of scenic effects that Mr. Harker has provided for them.

It is a rare occurrence for an actor-manager to be content with such a small part as that of Jaques, which Mr. Asche had chosen for himself. That he was wise was the most certain thing in the whole performance. His triumph was complete. His Jaques should stand out as the most artistic and persuasive performance of the part in recent years; its simplicity gave to the well-known words a new humour and a new meaning. Miss Lily Brayton was a good Rosalind, though at no time did one feel that she was the princess that Shakespeare had imagined; but she had great charm, both as maid and youth, and her words were beautifully distinct. Mr. Courtice Pounds proved that the difference between the Shakespearean and the Gilbertian jester is not very great. He had many opportunities of causing laughter, and he took them all; his scene with William and Audrey in the last act was as amusing as anything that we have seen for a long time, and Mr. R. F. Anson and Miss Marianne Caldwell gave most admirable performances of these two most laughter-moving parts. Mr. Henry Ainley looked splendid; he seemed to have stepped from a Fred Walker picture, and he made a very good Orlando. Several other parts were well filled; Mr. Fisher White as the First Lord, Mr. Ian Penny as Oliver, Mr. Brydone as Old Adam, Mr. Caleb Porter as Corin, and Miss Muriel Ashwynne as Celia were all good, while Mr. Henry Kilts, out of some Longhi painting, was a most curious and interesting Sir Oliver Martext.

The wrestling scene was perhaps too reminiscent of the variety stage, but it did not seem to be appreciated the less. *As You Like It* should have a long run at His Majesty's, and if for nothing else should be memorable for Mr. Oscar Asche's part in it.

A. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "LORD BACON"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a recent review in THE ACADEMY I read: "Why does Mr. Dutt write 'Lord' Bacon; for the matter of that, why does anyone? How did this curious and common blunder arise?"

Bacon was never "Lord Bacon." Till 1603 he was Mr. Francis Bacon. Then he became Sir Francis Bacon, Knight. In 1619 he attained the dignity of Lord Chancellor, with the title of Viscount Verulam, and in the following year he was created Viscount St. Albans.

It is of some interest to know, however, that Macaulay's great essay was entitled "Lord Bacon," and that on the backs of Spedding's great editions we find "Lord Bacon's Works" and "Lord Bacon's Letters and Life." On the subject of the title, "Lord Bacon," Spedding said: "As a man he must be Bacon; as a Peer he must be Lord; and the two together make 'Lord Bacon,' and so, I fear, it must remain. To correct the name by which a popular man is known is a vain ambition." Spedding enlarges on the subject in the sixth volume of the "Letters and Life," pp. 316-7.

GEORGE STRONACH.

#### AN "AUGUST" CLERGYMAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am not concerned with Harrow boys or the Calcutta clergy, but critics must surely agree that Bishop Welldon is "august" in at least one direction. I have had not a few opportunities of studying the Bishop—when Canon of Westminster Abbey—as a preacher, and I can only record the most favourable of impressions.

If all clergymen regarded elocution in the same light as Dr. Welldon, little or nothing would be heard of the decadence of preaching, and there would be more orators entitled to the epithet "august."

F. BOOTH.

September 24.

#### TRAVELLING ON SUNDAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What are our clergy coming to? A friend of mine has just informed me that he recently applied for an organist's post at one of the churches at Richmond, Surrey, but that his application was refused on the ground that he lived at Twickenham, which would have necessitated his travelling on Sundays, and the vicar of this particular church objected to Sunday travelling! I would hardly have credited such a story, had not my friend shown me the vicar's letter. Of course, I know that this objection to Sunday travelling on the part of a certain class of goody-goody, but inconceivably silly, people is no new thing. But I should like to ask these folk to explain why it should be wrong to travel on Sundays? And with regard to clergymen, who are naturally the chief promoters for the suppression of Sunday travelling, do they pretend to maintain that they themselves never travel on Sundays? There are various ways of travelling—by train, by steamer, by boat, by balloon, by airship, by omnibus, by motor, by carriage, by cab, by tram, by cycling, by riding, by walking, and even by swimming. Is there a single clergyman in the land who does not travel on Sundays in some form or other? Is it even possible for any individual, unless he be tied to his bed by illness, to avoid travelling for one single day? There are certain things in the world so abjectly crazy that one's imagination positively reels in contemplation of them, and this objection to Sunday travelling is perhaps the most crazy of all.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

October 6.

#### ANTI-VIVISECTION CRUSADE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is felt that the public conscience in regard to the shocking practice of Vivisection needs to be more energetically stirred, while the general mind can receive more intelligence on the whole subject.

Vivisection is the cause of more mortality to animals than the general reader ever can imagine, and, being legalised, the scientists are practically unlimited in the tortures they may, and do, inflict on the poor dumb creatures.

It is known that many doctors are against it, but professional etiquette compels reluctant acquiescence in practices which are abhorrent to all humane hearts.

Owing to the revelations of these terrible experiments, which are going on daily around us, "The Anti-Vivisection Crusade" has been started, and its chief members will hold a series of meetings this autumn and winter to ventilate the whole subject, that the general public may be further enlightened, and the poor animals now at the mercy of medical science may have their cause urgently championed.

The Anti-Vivisection Crusade will hold its first Open-Air Demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday, October 20th, at 3 p.m., when speeches will be given by well-known friends of humanity, and a second meeting will be held at 7 p.m. on the same day.

It is hoped to raise up a strong body of public feeling in regard to Vivisection, of the real, widespread nature of which only investigators have any idea. All sympathisers will be welcome, and workers and speakers may join the movement with the thorough determination that, with Divine help, the dumb creatures of creation, now subjected to most inhuman and unnecessary punishments, shall be protected and spared such torture.

EDWIN DREW,  
London Organiser.

#### FURTHER STRAND IMPROVEMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Though the Improvements Committee of the new London County Council have recommended that "no alteration be made in the present northern line of frontage in the Strand," and that the Council should refuse our offer for the right to erect a hoarding in order to demonstrate how buildings on that line of frontage would mar the thoroughfare, the Further Strand Improvement Committee cannot accept as conclusive the report submitted to the Council, and will continue its work until a more satisfactory result has been obtained.

The work of the Committee has already been extended over a period of more than four years, and has involved expenditure in excess of funds subscribed. To meet this, and for the work yet before us, we appeal for support to all who care for the future of our great Metropolis.

Subscriptions may be forwarded to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Robert A. Smith, Palace Chambers, Westminster.

EDWARD J. POYNTER, President.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE,

Chairman of Executive Committee.

MARK H. JUDGE, Honorary Secretary.

October 8.

#### THE PRICE OF SILENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We are requested by Mrs. E. Bagot Harte, who published, through Messrs. Greening & Co. in 1906, a book entitled "The Price of Silence," to call attention to the fact that an edition of a book by M. E. M. Davis, imported by us from America, was placed on the market in June of this year, under a title identical with that used by Mrs. Bagot Harte.

Now that this matter has been brought to our notice we wish to express our regret should any confusion have arisen owing to our having inadvertently issued a book under a title similar to that already employed by Mrs. Harte, and we trust, therefore, that you will be good enough to print this letter on your behalf and on that of Mrs. E. Bagot Harte.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.

September 19.

#### ART AND MORALITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have to thank Mr. Hoare for his illuminating exposition of certain points in my article, from which, however, he contrives to draw a somewhat divergent conclusion. When I say that poetry is the emotion of lyrical rapture embodied in sound, I express my precise meaning as nearly as words can convey it. Poetry is perfection of sound first; but it cannot be sustained at the high level of perfect beauty upon sound alone; there must undoubtedly be some connecting thread of thought or passion; some emotion; some desire; but since poets, like most men, are merely human, they cannot be stirred to an outburst of lyricism without their emotions and, through emotion, their imagination being in some degree affected.

All poets who have stooped from the cold heights of Parnassus' hill and revealed to us their method of creation have admitted that usually their finest creations did not spring complete from their brains and trace themselves without effort upon the paper, perfect as flowers. Tennyson himself, we know, evolved his famous verse of the "lamps that outburned Canopus" from a weak original. Rossetti is a famous example, where early and later versions of his sonnets exist, of the value of patient revision.



Poe chiselled and refined, seeking diligently the one word which should make his line perfect. These writers had the initial impulse; they worked to perfect the sound. However, so long as we admit beauty of sound to be the first essential of poetry, we are hardly concerned to know the means which poets have used to produce that perfection.

Mr. Hoare, I note, is careful to quote my imaginary account of the temporary effects of an overdose of Swinburne; but he does not combat my affirmed result of an overdose of Tennyson. The results of excessive indulgence in any one man's poetry are naturally not flattering to the particular author selected.

Can Mr. Hoare contend that his extremely involved prose rendering of the meaning of Shakespeare's "daffodil" passage really represents the poet's idea any better than mine, which I purposely put into bald prose, as I suppose the poet's original conception was in prose; save that, being a poet born, he immediately imaged it in terms of poetry. It is impossible to express such a turn of phrase as "take the winds of March with beauty" in prose. It is a sound-flower, intransmutable. It is possible, in considering poetry, to read more into it than the poet ever intended. Was Shakespeare intending to contrast spring and summer when he spoke of the daffodil? He returns to spring in his next lines:

Violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

The prosaist may ask, "How can a violet be sweeter than anyone's eyelids?" In point of fact, the line is nonsense; and yet it has the thrill of true poetry. It is the sound of poetry, the emotion of poetry, the lyrical rapture of poetry. It is something futile to examine the words of a line by one and to say, "Wherein lies the beautiful sound of these?" For words are seldom beautiful in themselves, but are charged with a subtle magic, as are two bodies of opposite electrical force, by virtue of their association with one another.

Mr. Hoare expresses my view by saying "poetry makes its first appeal to the ear"; which appeal must, I suppose, be made through the medium of beautiful sound. I suppose no one will deny that there is imaginative music, as distinct from musicalness devoid of images, or true beauty: or that the claim of "sweetness of metre" to be poetry is the claim of the tripping musical line, such as a line of Pope, which may very well be metre perfect and musical, and yet have in it no music of pure poetry.

Mr. Hoare says the poet's expression is gold, and his thought its jewel. I should have premised rather that his thought was the gold; gold being a shining small thing, enclosed in a dull pebble of some ugliness. Its use is only when it is fined away from its dross, and so made perfect with all craftsman's ornament that the gold is less perceived than the beauty of its handiwork. There may be much poetry with little thought; much workmanship upon a little virgin gold—which I have said before.

We are now only concerned to use different words with the same meaning, and to beg each other's questions; so at least it appears, from our ceaseless propounding of the same proposition.

We move in a circle about our Lady Beauty, who sits veiled and impassive in the midst of us, knowing well that no man may define her wholly or reduce her to the terms of any formula; and yet he shall know most surely when he has looked into her very eyes through the shadow, or has been swept in passing by the fringes of her robe.

ETHEL TALBOT.

[We cannot print any more letters on this subject.—ED.]

#### THE GRAIL ROMANCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I fear your readers will grumble if you allow Mr. Machen and myself to fill your columns with discussion of the many problems, each more fascinating than the other, of the Grail Romances. But there are one or two definite points in Mr. Machen's last letter on which I should like to say a few words.

The Introduction to the Grand St. Graal, as I pointed out twenty years ago, is certainly connected with the Brendan literature. On re-reading it now, after several years, I am inclined to say—is certainly derived from some Brendan romance. The same atmosphere, invention and exposition of incident are unmistakably those of Celtic hagiology in its romantic, fictional form. Note, too, the emphasis upon the doctrine of the Trinity; it is to remove the Hermit's doubts

on this subject that the vision is vouchsafed and the quest imposed. This is quite *dans la gamme* of the Irish stories. It is by this reference to an Irish Brendan story that I would explain the date, 717 years after Christ, assigned to the vision. Most of the Irish romances of the *Imrama* type, whether in pre-Christian or Christian form, open with precise chronological indications; as a rule, it is true, involving purely Irish data. I think it quite probable that the date figured in the romance accepted by the writer of the Grand St. Graal. I don't quite understand what Mr. Machen means by saying that the knight who knew the hermit "recognised him as having been a participator in some secret assembly." The text merely says that the hermit is disquieted because "il (the knight) me connut a un saing ke jou avoie sour moi, et dist qu'il m'avoit autrefois véu, et dist en quel liu" (Hacher, II., p. 30). The incident, like the immediately preceding one, is told in an abrupt and elliptic fashion, clear evidence to my mind that the writer is abridging and adapting, not taking out of his own head.

Mr. Machen thinks I attach too much importance to origins. May I quote his own words: "Is there any assignable time-limit to the survival of anything?" Precisely. There really is not, and it is quite legitimate to trace back practice and rite and expression of fancy or emotion throughout their varying manifestations to their pristine source. Be it noted, too, that the word survival connotes two markedly different things; as a rule it indicates that the thing so described is a mere husk from out of which the quick element has disappeared—as, e.g., the *Calenig* custom to which Mr. Machen refers. But it may also indicate a conception or practice out of joint with its surroundings, but nevertheless still informed by a vital spirit. The belief in the possibility of interchange between the mortal and the fairy world, which had so shocking an outcome at Clonmel only ten years ago, is much more than a survival in the sense ordinarily attached to the word. And it is precisely the rites and conceptions of the peasant religion, dismissed by Mr. Machen as "the Spring Cabbage doctrine," which do still not merely survive, but, in howsoever maimed a form, live. And they do so because they expressed a symbolised, a vital, a supreme preoccupation of mankind in a given stage of culture.

As regards the heterodoxy of the romances, the difficulty is intensified if, as Dr. Paul Hagan claims, the author of the lost French romance, adapted by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who was himself an ecclesiastic, died indeed Bishop of Durham; for the Parzival is in many respects the most essentially heterodox member of the whole cycle. This is a point which Mr. Waite should keep in view in his forthcoming work. Meanwhile, I would ask Mr. Machen to remember that whilst the emphasis in the *Quête* is undoubtedly upon the Eucharistic sacrificial aspect, it is quite otherwise in the Parzival—there the stress is upon a conception of militant, governing, but not ecclesiastic theocracy. And the Temple seems to me the only body which would have suggested such a conception.

ALFRED NUTT.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### EDUCATIONAL

- Poésies choisies de André Chénier.* Edited by Jules Derocquigny. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.  
*L'Oiseau.* Par Jules Michelet. Edited by Louis Cazamian. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s. net.  
*Poésies choisies de François Coppée.* Edited by Leon Delbos. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Heaton, Ellis W. *A Scientific Geography.* IV. North America. Ralph Holland, 1s. 6d. net.  
*The Prologue to Piers Plowman.* Edited by C. J. Onions. Marshall, 3d.  
*Horace Marshall and Son's New English Reading Books.* Book I. Fairy Tales, 1s. Book II. Nature Myths, 1s. Book III. Stories of the Sea, 1s. 3d. Book IV. Heroic Tales, 1s. 6d.  
*Decursus Primus.* A First Latin Grammar with exercises. By T. G. Tucker. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

### FICTION

- Elliott, Robert. *Act of God.* Duckworth, 6s.  
 Troubridge, Lady. *The Millionaire.* Unwin, 6s.  
 Lathbury, Eva. *Mr. Meyer's Pupil.* Alston Rivers, 6s.

- Le Gallienne, Richard. *Painted Shadows*. Lane, 6s.  
 Appleton, G. W. *The House on the Thames*. Long, 6s.  
 Diehl, Alice M. *A Lovely Little Radical*. Long, 6s.  
 Marchmont, A. W. *The Little Anarchist*. Ward Lock, 6s.  
 Betham-Edwards, Miss. *A Close Ring; or, Episodes in the Life of a French Family*. Arrowsmith, 6s.  
 Conrad, Joseph. *The Secret Agent*. Methuen, 6s.  
 Hope, Anthony. *Tales of Two People*. Methuen, 6s.  
 "Q." *Major Vigoureux*. Methuen, 6s.  
 Prydz, Alvide. *The Heart of the Northern Sea*. Allen, 6s.  
 Sherren, Wilkinson. *The Chronicles of Berthold Darnley*. Griffiths, 6s.  
*Outrageous Fortune*. By Bak. Heinemann, 4s.  
 Ohnet, Georges. *The Conqueress*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.  
 Sterling, Sarah H. *Shakespeare's Sweetheart*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.  
 Shorter, Dora Sigerson. *Through Wintry Terrors*. Cassell, 6s.  
 Pemberton, Max. *The Diamond Ship*. Cassell, 6s.  
 Oppenheim, E. Phillips. *Conspirators*. Ward, Lock, 6s.  
 Magnay, Sir William. *The Mystery of the Unicorn*. Ward, Lock, 6s.  
 Eustace, Robert. *A Human Bacillus*. Long, 6s.  
 Donovan, Dick. *In the Queen's Service*. Long, 6s.  
 Parker, Sir Gilbert. *The Weavers*. Heinemann, 6s.  
 Eldridge, William Tillinghast. *Hilma*. Collier, 6s.  
 Harris-Burland, J. B. *Love the Criminal*. Greening, 6s.  
 Maclaren, Ian. *St. Jude's*. R.T.S., 6s.  
 Chesney, Wetherby. *The Cable-Man*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.  
 Pearce, Mark Guy. *Bridgetstow*. Culley, 3s. 6d.  
 Herriot, Robert. *The Human Element*. Sisleys, 6s.

## HISTORY

- Napoleon and the Invasion of England*. The Story of the Great Terror. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. In two volumes. Lane, 32s. net.

## JUVENILE

- The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen*. An old tale retold. By Félicité Lefèvre. Grant Richards, 1s. 6d. net.  
 Howden, J. R. *The Boys' Book of Locomotives*. Grant Richards, 6s.  
 Humer, S. H. *The Little Folk's Favourite Album in Colour*. Cassell, 3s. 6d.  
 Potter, Beatrix. *The Tale of Tom Kitten*. Paine, 1s. 6d. net.  
 Goldpey, Mrs. G. *Little Bear*. Allen, 1s. 6d.  
 Lucas, E. V. *The Doll Doctor*. Allen, 1s. 6d.  
 Atkey, Bertram. *Folk of the Wild*. Grant Richards, 6s.  
 Pratt, Tinsley. *When Hawkins Sailed the Sea*. Grant Richards, 6s.  
 Young, Charles. *Night-Caps for the Babies*. Lane, 3s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS

- The Book of Games for School and Home*. Edited by E. Robarts. Cassell, 1s.  
 Orr, John. *The Wrongs of Women*. Glasgow: Land Values and Free Industry Union, 9d. net.  
 Peixotto, Ernest C. *By Italian Seas*. Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. net.  
*Through Persia in a Motor-Car*. By Russia and the Caucasus. By Claude Anet. Translated by M. Beresford Ryley. Hodder and Stoughton, 16s. net.  
 Beatty, H. M. *Education in a Prussian Town*. Blackie, n.p.  
*Essai sur les Rapports de Pascal II. avec Philippe Ier (1099-1108)*. Par Bernard Monod. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion, 6f.  
 Hawkes, Clarence. *The Little Foresters*. Harrap, 2s. 6d.  
 Richardson, Mrs. Aubrey. *The Lover of Queen Elizabeth*. Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net.  
 D'Auvergne, E. B. *The Castles of England*. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Roberts, W. J. *Some Old London Memorials*. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Lawson, Helen N. *The Bible Story*. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.  
 Meakin, Annette M. B. *Woman in Transition*. Methuen, 6s.  
*Book Prices Current, 1907*. Vol. XXI. Elliot Stock, £1 7s. 6d. net.

- Icarie et son Fondateur Etienne Cabet*. Par Jules Prudhommeaux. Paris: Edouard Cornély et Cie, 7fr.  
 Mackie, J. Duncan. *Pope Adrian IV. The Lothian Essay, 1907*. Oxford: Blackwell, 2s. 6d. net.  
 Kielland, Alexander L. *Napoleon's Men and Methods*. Translated by Joseph McCaë. With a preface by Oscar Browning. Owen, 10s.  
 Allan, Andrew. *Matter and Intellect*. Owen, 5s.  
 Diehl, Alice M. *The True Story of My Life*. Lane, 10s. 6d. net.  
 Kendal, John. *Some Clerical Types*. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.  
*Studies Historical and Critical*. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Unwin, 15s. net.  
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